The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LVIII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 1, 1929 NUMBER 752

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The Week

FROM THE tone of the American news dispatches covering the reparations conference in Paris, it would appear that the conferees have not really been experts trying to decide how much Germany can pay and how it can be transferred, but business men or politicians bargaining for relative gain, to be praised for making concessions, and blamed if they fail to go what the reporters believe is half way in what seems to be regarded as a horse-trade. It goes without saying that if the members of the conference, especially those representing the Allies and the United States, have been acting in any such spirit as the reporters write of them, the conference was foredoomed to failure. What Herr Schacht could safely offer is to be determined, if at all, by cold analysis, and not by surprise, regret, crisis, threats, and all the paraphernalia of diplomacy. If he said that Germany could safely offer more if some of her former productive territory were restored to her, he might easily have been talking sound economics, which should not have outraged anybody as an attempted introduction of political considerations. And if an agreement had finally been reached by the horse-trading process, it would have been worse than useless unless it had happened to coincide with the hard realities which determine possible payment.

PHILIP SNOWDEN is fairly certain to be Chancellor of the Exchequer if the British Labor Party should achieve power, and for that reason alone, anything he may say concerning international finance is worthy of attention. His outbreak denouncing the Balfour policy on inter-allied debts, moreover, represents a source of deep dissatisfaction on the part of many Englishmen in all parties, which Americans cannot afford to ignore. Balfour offered an all-round cancellation, and stated that it would be the policy of Great Britain, if the United States would not consent to cancellation, to collect from Germany and the Allied debtors only so much as Great Britain had to pay the United States. Few Englishmen realize that under present arrangements, Great Britain will actually collect about what she has to transmit to us, and therefore will suffer no net loss—if the Dawes annuities should continue. Nevertheless, they are annoyed because they have agreed to meet a large measure of their indebtedness to the United States, while France and Italy have been let off much more easily by us, and France has not even ratified the agreement she negotiated. This lack of equality of treatment would be especially annoying to a government which cherished every possible source of revenue for costly schemes of internal reconstruction such as unemployment relief, especially in view of the fact that the United States and France are both enjoying relatively greater prosperity. The inter-Allied debts seemed destined to be a source of serious international friction for years to come.

HUGH GIBSON'S speech at Geneva is an important contribution to the history of the armament controversy, though perhaps less on the score of his specific proposals than of the general tone of what he said. This first official statement of the Hoover administration on the most serious single problem of foreign policy took account of the changed conditions brought about by the Kellogg pact. Mr. Gibson insisted that arms limitation is

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not enough if that means freezing navies at the present *status quo,* and that serious curtailment, which will free men for productive work and reduce the present enormous burden of taxation, is the end to be sought. Even more forcefully than at the abortive conference of 1927, the United States offers to consider "any reduction, however drastic, of naval tonnage which leaves no type of war vessel unrestricted." This country has offered before, and now offers again, to accept a limitation of total tonnage which would permit each government to build, not only large or small cruisers, for instance, according to its special needs, but even to transfer part of its tonnage (by agreement in advance) from one type of vessel to another, from cruisers to submarines or other craft. Mr. Gibson argued that in comparing ships, not only tonnage and armament should be taken into account, but age, speed, and other factors. He proposes an "index number" system, in which all these elements would be represented.

IN SPITE of the friendly reception the speech received, not only from Lord Cushendun as head of the British delegation, but from the London press, there are still, of course, enormous difficulties in the way. The British naval experts continue to argue that a given number of tons utilized for a few large cruisers creates a more powerful weapon than the same number of tons of smaller ships. The British Admiralty still contends that the needs of the Empire demand—without reference to any other navy—a large number of small cruisers: a theory of which Mr. Gibson disposed with a few quiet words when he spoke of "the fundamental belief that naval needs are relative, namely, that what we may require for defense depends chiefly upon the size of the navies maintained by others." As our readers are aware, The New Republic considers literal parity an impossible ideal, and believes that a better hope for successful curtailment of armament lies along the path of such a recodification of sea law under the Kellogg pact as would eliminate the chief purposes for which the British and American navies are now planned. The door to such an arrangement is not closed by Mr. Gibson's speech. It may be taken for granted that no immediate steps toward a new conference are contemplated, and that informal negotiations will precede any public overtures. For these informal negotiations, the Geneva speech has provided a base as satisfactory as we had any right to expect.

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S emphasis on the problem of crime at the New York conference of the newspaper publishers was praiseworthy for its selection of an outstanding national problem. There was, however, little promise in what he said of any alleviation of the evil except that which may flow from directing popular attention toward it. His review of the problem contained nothing new, and much that is extremely dubious. Professor Binkley ably demonstrates in this issue of The New Republic that there is little reality underlying Mr. Hoover's assumption that the citizen is under equal obligation to obey all statutes which happen not to have been repealed. It is also untrue that lawlessness has arisen in any great degree from a misplaced sympathy for the criminal, or that more drastic penalties may be expected to have much deterrent effect. The speech conveys the impression that the President does not have a lucid understanding of social processes.

IT CANNOT be said that the British Tories, like the Bourbons, learn nothing and forget nothing. Having lost the American colonies in the eighteenth century by attempting to collect a tax on tea, they now propose to keep Great Britain by remitting the tax on tea. Tea party politics, as represented in the budget speech of Winston Churchill, may seem to many Americans a slender reed on which to rely, in view of the deplorable record of the Conservatives in dealing with such matters as unemployment, coal, disarmament, India and the rest, but anyone who has experienced the solemnity with which the British institution of afternoon tea is regarded, or has attempted to drink the coffee which is sometimes offered at breakfast time in England to exigent Americans, will not undervalue the strength of Churchill's bid for votes. It is certainly a far more direct and honest one than the intangible generalities often passed off upon the American electorate by successful candidates here, such as economy, prosperity and the Constitution.

PRESIDENT Mitchell's proposal to liquidate the excess of brokers' loans by repealing the tax on capital gains has met with much deserved disapprobation, and seems to convict him of a sympathetic attitude toward the speculators. Aside from the injustice of untaxing one of the easiest and least deserved forms of private gain, while incomes, business profits and tangible property are forced to contribute shares toward governmental expenses, the reasons for opposing the plan include well founded doubts of its effectiveness. Surely speculators who are holding their stocks by means of a large amount of borrowing will not continue to do so, in spite of any tax they may have to pay in order to convert their paper profits into cash, if they have any reasonable expectation that the market will not continue to rise. And if they sold while the market was rising, they would certainly buy again and borrow in order to do so.

THE more we ponder the police raid on the birth control clinic in New York City, the more we are inclined to share the indignation which Mrs. Sanger expresses elsewhere in our pages this week. Its directors believed it was conducted in strict accordance with the New York court decision which permits a physician to give contraceptive information if he believes it is necessary in order to pre-

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vent or cure disease. As Mrs. Sanger indicates, the raid was brutally managed; confidential records of hundreds of patients were taken and were only returned some days later, and then in incomplete form. When the case was called in court, Magistrate Rosenbluth kept a crowd of several hundred friends of the clinic—including some distinguished physicians eager to testify on its behalf—waiting an hour and a quarter and then postponed the case nearly a week. The one consoling fact is that the authorities evidently realize that they have made a thorough mess of the whole business.

Hoover's Debenture Decalogue

HAVING SAID that he would suggest no detailed plan for farm relief because that was the prerogative of Congress, President Hoover has objected to a possible assertion of the congressional prerogative by denouncing the debenture plan. His ten arguments against it lack precision and clarity; they are so confused and overlapping that one suspects someone fixed on the mystic number ten before the arguments were drafted. Nevertheless, they are worthy of careful study by the farmers and their representatives.

The debenture plan is essentially an export bounty—a payment to exporters, paid out of our tariff revenue on imports, which would stimulate the shipping of surplus crops out of the country and would raise the domestic prices. Any foreign crops then attempting to take advantage of the higher prices in our market would meet the tariff wall surrounding those crops, and protection would thus embrace the farmers who produce surpluses for export, as it cannot now do. The original plan, in an effort to make agricultural tariffs as nearly effective as possible, contemplated paying debentures equivalent to the whole duty on the product in question, but the plan in the Senate bill modifies this proposal by specifying debentures of only one-half the amount of the import duty. These are to be applied only when the situation calls for it. The reason for the rejection of so moderate a proposal should enlighten the farmers in a way that Mr. Hoover appears not to have suspected.

There are two inevitable conclusions:

First: if a protective tariff were effective in raising the domestic prices of crops above the world price by even half as much as the import duty levied upon them, the debenture plan, if enacted, would never need to be applied. Mr. Hoover's note is therefore an outright admission that the tariff cannot benefit our agricultural staples.

Second: Every argument against the debenture is equally good against all protective tariffs. If the farmers accept Hoover's logic, their next move should be to oppose all increases in import duties, and press for tariff reduction. The following parallel will illustrate this point.

Hoover's Arguments	Application to Tariff
1. The issue of debentures to export merchants and their redemption in payment of import duties amounts to a direct subsidy from the United States Treasury. If the plan proposed be generally applied, it would cost in excess of $200,000,000 a year, as it would decrease the treasury receipts by such an amount.	1. The imposition of protective duties which substantially decrease imports amounts to a subsidy from the United States Treasury. Lower duties, with larger imports, would yield more revenue. The cost of protection to the Treasury may be much in excess of $200,000,000 a year.
2. The first result of the plan, if put into operation, would be a gigantic gift from the government and the public to the dealers and manufacturers and speculators in these commodities. For instance, in the principal export commodities the value of the present volume of stocks in possession of these trades would, if the plan worked, rise by from $200,000,000 to $400,000,000, according to different calculations, without a cent of return to the farmer or consumer. Every speculator for a rise in our public markets would receive enormous profits. Conversely, if after this elevation of prices the plan were at any time for any reason withdrawn, the trades would suffer a like loss and a long line of bankruptcies must ensue. But in the meantime the trades, out of fear of withdrawal or of reduction in the subsidy, would not engage in normal purchase and distribution. Either exorbitant margins would be required or, alternatively, the farmer would be compelled to himself hold the nation's stocks until there was a demand for actual consumption.	2. The first result of any increase in a protective tariff, if it is effective, is a gigantic gift from the government and the public to the dealers and manufacturers and speculators in the product protected. In the principal commodities now seeking more protection, the value of the present volume of stocks in possession of these trades would, if protection worked, rise by many hundreds of millions of dollars, depending on the increase of duties levied, without a cent of return to the farmer or consumer. Not only would every speculator for the rise in our public markets receive enormous profits, but manufacturers themselves would speculate in their inventories. Conversely, if after this elevation of prices the increase in duty were at any time for any reason withdrawn, the trades would suffer a like loss. If the trades feared such an outcome they would not engage in normal purchase and distribution. This is the reason that any threat to reduce a tariff, however injurious the duty may be, produces fears of business disturbance and leads to an unholy alliance between business and the high-tariff party.
3. If the increased price did reflect to the farmer, the plan would stimulate overproduction and thereby increase world supply, which would in turn depreciate world prices and consequently decrease the price which the farmer would receive and thereby defeat the plan. Stimulation of production has been the outstanding experience abroad where export subsidy has been applied. Overproduction will defeat the plan, and then, upon its withdrawal, agriculture would be plunged into a catastrophe of deflation from overexpanded production. The farmer's difficulties today are in some part due to this process after the war.	3. If an increased tariff does increase prices (whether for the benefit of farmer or manufacturer) it stimulates overproduction which in turn depreciates domestic prices and thereby defeats the purpose of the duty. This effect is much more certain and prompt than would be the effect on world prices of an export bounty. It can be avoided only by monopolistic control of production. This is possible for some mechanical industries, but not for farmers, unless the available land is so limited that they cannot produce more than the domestic population will consume. The outstanding experience in every country practising protection is that

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it discriminates against agriculture. The farmer's difficulties today are in some part due, not merely to war overproduction, but to the unequal effect of the tariff.

4. The stimulation of production of certain commodities would disturb the whole basis of diversification in American agriculture, particularly in the cotton and wheat sections, where great progress is now being made toward a more stable basis of agriculture.

4. The stimulation of production of certain articles or commodities by the tariff disturbs the whole basis of an efficiently diversified economy, draws farm labor to the cities from the wheat and cotton regions, and leads to the use of our productive energy in industries in which we are basically less efficient.

5. Although it is proposed that the plan should only be installed at the discretion of the Farm Board, yet the tendency of all boards is to use the whole of their authority and more certainly in this case in view of the pressure from those who would not understand its possibility of harm, and emphatically from the interested dealers in the commodity.

5. Although it is proposed to raise the tariff only in a limited number of cases, yet it is the tendency of political administrations to distribute favors broadly, and more certainly in this case in view of the pressure from men who would not understand (or perhaps would not care about) its possibility of harm, and emphatically from the interested dealers in or makers of the commodity.

6. It is not proposed to pay the debentures of subsidies to the farmers, but to the export merchants, and it seems certain that a large part of it would not be reflected back to the farmer. It offers opportunity for manipulation in the export market, none of which would be of advantage to the farmer.

The conditions of competitive marketing at home and abroad and the increased risks would absorb a considerable part of its effect into the distribution and manufacturing trades. Moreover, the theoretical benefits would be further diminished by the fact that debentures would sell consaintly at a discount, for the reason that persons paying duties upon imports would not take the trouble to accumulate the debentures and lose interest on them unless obtainable at a discount.

6. Although protection, if effective, increases prices charged by manufacturers, it is certain that a large part of the increases are not reflected back to the workers or the farmers who produce the raw materials. It offers an opportunity for monopoly of the domestic market, which is not only of no advantage to the farmer and the worker, but raises the prices they have to pay.

7. The provision of such an export subsidy would necessitate a revision of the import tariffs. For instance, an export subsidy of 2 cents a pound on raw cotton would mean the foreign manufacturers would be receiving cotton at 2 cents a pound less than the American manufacturers, and the foreigner could ship his manufactured goods back into the American market with this advantage. As the subsidy, in many cases, is larger than the freight to foreign ports and back, it raises large opportunities of fraud in return shipment activities.

7. The provision of an export subsidy is for the express purpose of remedying the inequality caused by import duties. For instance, a tariff on finished products, without a compensating and effective tariff on agricultural crops, means that foreign farmers receive their living and working necessities more cheaply than American farmers, and can undersell them in the world market which determines agricultural prices for our great exported crops. To argue that the use of the export subsidy would necessitate an increase in manufacturers' tariffs reveals a firm purpose to benefit industry at the expense of farming.

8. Export bounties are recognized by many nations as one form of dumping. I am advised that a similar action by another nation would be construed as a violation of our own laws. Such laws are in force in the principal countries of our export markets and, to protect their own agriculture, would probably lead to action which would nullify the subsidy given by us.

8. Protective tariffs on manufactures make possible dumping of manufactured products. Such action, though contrary to our laws and the laws of other nations, is almost impossible to prevent. High tariffs lead to retaliation on the part of other nations, which tends to nullify any benefits which may be derived by favored industries from protection.

9. A further serious question arises again (if the plan did have the effect intended) where the foreign producer of animals would be enabled to purchase feed for less than the American farmer producing the same animals.

For instance, the swine growers in Ontario would be able to purchase American corn for less than the American farmer across the border, and it would tend to transfer the production of pork products for export to Europe from the United States to Canada. It would have the same and probably even more disastrous effect in dairy products.

9. A serious question arises in the case of any protective duty which (if it has the effect intended) raises the price of raw materials to the American producer above that paid by the foreign producer. Without such effective tariffs on raw materials, the farmer cannot benefit from a protective system. But with them, industries having a world market tend to be transfered to foreign countries. This effect would be far more widespread than the similar effect of an export subsidy on swine and dairy products, pointed out by Mr. Hoover.

10. The plan would require a substantial increase in taxes, as no such expenditure or depletion of revenues as this plan implies could be paid from marginal income of the government, more particularly in view of the very large increased expenditures imposed by the naval program, flood control and other branches of farm relief.

10. A tariff so high as to substantially decrease imports would require a substantial increase of taxes, on account of the loss of revenue to the government.

The present Congress was called for farm relief and tariff revision. If farm relief cannot include such a plan as the debenture, which would tend to give agriculture whatever benefits are now derived from the tariff by protected manufactures, there is no way out for the farmers but to make sure that tariff revision moves downward, not upward. If the farmers cannot jack up the prices of their crops to the level of the prices charged for what they buy, they can only seek to let down the prices of manufactured articles. If legislation to increase prices by export bounties is unsound, legislation to increase prices by import duties is robbery.

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The Future of the Philippines

SECRETARY STIMSON took an unusual step when he appeared before the House Ways and Means Committee against the proposed tariff on sugar from the Philippines. He asserted that Cuban, not Philippine, sugar sets the domestic price in the United States, and charged that the agitation for a tariff against the Philippine product comes from American investors in the Cuban industry. He added that the establishing of a levy against Philippine sugar would be a grave blow to American prestige in the Orient and elsewhere. While he did not say so, there is no doubt that in his mind was a further possibility. A tariff against Philippine sugar would cause an immediate and very active resumption of the agitation for independence.

The Timberlake resolution, against which he testified, and in opposition to which a delegation has been sent from the Islands, was introduced into Congress a year ago last February. It proposes that the free importation of Philippine sugar should be restricted to 500,000 tons annually. Since the sugar imports from the Philippines amounted to about 500,000 tons in 1927, the adoption of the Timberlake proposal would not do immediate damage to the Philippine sugar industry. But it would tend to restrict future developments, and it might easily be the beginning of a policy that would subsequently be applied to restrict the admission of copra, cocoanut oil and other articles. Such a policy would obviously be unjust as long as American goods enter the Philippines free of duty and as long as the Philippines do not have the right to fix their own tariff with foreign countries.

It is doubtful if the Timberlake proposal would meet the objective of its author, namely, the bolstering up of the hot-house beet-sugar industry in the United States. Only 8½ percent of the sugar consumed in this country comes from the Philippines; if further protection is needed, it should be applied against sugar coming from Cuba. In The New Republic's view, further protection is not desirable. For a number of years, the world has been suffering from an over-production in sugar created by the abnormal demands of the World War—and the only effect of increased tariffs is to delay the inevitable readjustment of supply to demand.

Unjust though its immediate effects would be, ultimately the passage of the Timberlake resolution might prove a blessing in disguise. Opponents of independence have pointed to the existence of virtual free trade between the Philippines and the United States as one of the great benefits of American rule. As a result of this regime, about three-fifths of the Philippine trade is with the United States. This may be a benefit to a few American merchants at home and sugar producers in these islands; but is it an advantage to the Philippine people as a whole? Is there not something artificial in the fact that the United States, 7,000 miles removed from these islands, should dominate their trade? Because of our tariff policy, the Philippines now purchase (and at high tariff prices) their cotton goods from the United States rather than from China and Japan; they purchase their dairy products and fruit from California rather than from Australia. The American tariff has artificially diverted to a far-distant United States trade that, under the open-door tariff regime, would have gone in large part to China, Japan and other parts of the East. We have followed, in the Philippines, the closed-door policy at the very time that we have vigorously denounced this policy as a source of international conflict when pursued by other powers. The American tariff policy has been an instrument for placing the Philippines in economic dependence upon the United States. Opponents of Philippine independence now use this instrument, which was deliberately created by American policy, as an argument why our promises to these people cannot now be fulfilled. The one advantage of the Timberlake resolution is that it exposes the shallow hypocrisy of this contention. If it were accompanied by a provision granting the Philippine legislature full tariff autonomy it might well be supported.

Ever since the Wood-Forbes report of 1921 the Republican administration at Washington has attempted to stifle the independence movement in the Philippines and to repudiate, in spirit, the preamble of the Jones Act of 1916, which declared that it was the purpose "of the people of the United States to withdraw their sovereignty over the Philippine Islands and to recognize their independence as soon as a stable government can be established therein." The instrument chosen by the Republican administration to destroy the meaning of this pledge was General Leonard Wood. A man of great ability and character, he nevertheless believed in the rule of dictatorship. General Wood ignored the Filipino Council of State which had served as something of a cabinet to Governor-General Harrison, his predecessor. Instead, the General surrounded himself with a staff of military advisers who ignored Filipino pleas and susceptibilities. Writing in the April number of Foreign Affairs, Professor Maximo Kalaw states that while the Wood administration resulted in certain gains in efficiency, nevertheless, "dissensions between Moros and Christians increased. Men with unclean records were protected because they showed loyalty to the Governor. . . . In formal state papers the Governor was accused of disloyalty to American ideals and principles, with reversing the policy of Filipinization, with disregarding the authority of the Filipino heads of departments, with using funds in violation of law, and with favoring selfish interests." In the spring of 1926, Mr. Coolidge sent Carmi Thompson, a well known Ohio politician, to investigate conditions in the Philippines. Thanks largely to Professor Ralston Hayden of the University of Michigan, Mr. Thompson prepared a surprisingly liberal report, in which he criticized General Wood's military administration and ad-

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vocated further autonomy for the Islands. Confronted with the choice between the Thompson report and General Wood's rule, the Coolidge administration followed its established habit of voting for the *status quo*: it threw the Thompson report into the waste-basket. Before there was time for a clash in the Philippines, in the spring of 1927, death took General Wood from the scene.

In March, 1928, Colonel Stimson arrived in Manila to assume the duties of governor-general. Less than a year later he resigned from this post to become Secretary of State. But during this short period of office Governor Stimson, quietly and quickly, won the confidence of the Filipino leaders and people. He secured this end not only by personal tact but by deeds. He installed a system of civilian advisers to replace the military clique with which General Wood had been surrounded; he restored the Council of State and returned, partially at least, to Governor Harrison's system of party government. In his farewell address Governor Stimson told the Filipinos that they were "traveling along the road which leads eventually to self-government and freedom."

Mr. Stimson's short regime in the Philippines seems to mark the end of the Wood policy and of the Harding-Coolidge effort to repudiate the American pledge to the Philippine people. The time has arrived—and apparently Washington now recognizes it—for the policy of evasion, of drift, and of vacillation to come to an end. The United States must adopt a policy which will fit the Philippines for economic as well as for political independence. If the economic and social life of the Philippines is to be developed, existing legislation prohibiting large land-holdings by foreigners must be maintained. Every effort must be made to prevent the sugar industry from dominating the life of the Philippines as it has already come to dominate the life of Hawaii, Porto Rico, and Cuba. Every effort must be made to stimulate a diversified system of agriculture, in which the Filipino farmer will work for himself and not for a foreign capitalist.

From the political standpoint, the Philippines should be granted full self-government within a definite term of years. Whether or not they remain technically under the sovereignty of the United States is a matter of little consequence, as long as the Philippines come to possess the realities of self-government. If the people want complete independence, they should be given it. If they want to work out some form of dominion status, under the general ægis of the United States, the proposal should be seriously considered. It may take ten or twenty years before the goal as finally agreed upon may be realized. During this transitional period, the Filipinos should be given every facility to govern themselves, subject to American advice and control in such financial and judicial matters as may be necessary. The one thing of fundamental importance is to abandon the present policy of drift and to work out a plan.

In this respect we have something to learn from the British. Within the last year or so the British government has sent the Simon commission to India, the Donoughmore commission to Ceylon, the Hilton Young commission to East Africa. Of these three commissions, the two latter have made reports full of political wisdom and authority. The membership of these commissions has been so varied and distinguished that their recommendations cannot help but influence policy. True, the United States has sent commission after commission to the Philippines; there was Professor Henry Jones Ford, there were General Wood and Mr. Forbes; there was Carmi Thompson. While some of these individuals were men of distinction, each mission was too restricted in personnel for its report to command widespread attention and influence. President Hoover appreciates the value of scholarship and research to a much greater extent than his recent predecessors. We earnestly hope that he will appoint a commission to investigate and determine the future status of the Philippines —a commission composed of distinguished individuals from varied walks of life: men of high rank in the business field, such as have represented us in the reparation meetings in Paris; authorities in the field of colonial government and inter-racial relations; educators, editors, and Congressmen. To these Americans an equal number of outstanding Filipino scholars, business men and statesmen should be added. Such a commission should work out a concrete plan for the achievement of independence or dominion status within the next ten or twenty years. There is only one word of advice which we would be bold enough to give: the commissioners should remember that good government is a matter of relativity—that a boy cannot learn to swim, even badly, until after he plunges into the water. We have no right to exact from the Filipino people standards to which other peoples do not conform. Of all the vices that lurk in the relationship of the "advanced" and "undeveloped" peoples there is none greater than that of hypocrisy. It is this vice we should resolutely exorcise.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1929, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
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The Reparations Crisis

THE latest news from Paris makes it unlikely that an agreement will be reached, though one still hopes that there may emerge at least the appearance of a resettlement. If, however, there is a final breakdown, this will be in accordance with the most reasonable expectations. For the truth is that the conference has been held too soon. It would have been better to have jogged on for a year or two more under the Dawes scheme without talking. This was always the view of responsible British opinion. The conference is the fruit of Mr. Parker Gilbert's over-optimism and his excusable impatience to get rid of the existing complicated machinery.

The dilemma which has faced the conference is easily explained. The object of the conference was to reduce the annuities due from Germany and to fix the period over which they are payable.

The difficulty has been that, Germany having paid hitherto by means of borrowed money, we really have no more evidence as to her capacity to pay than we had when the Dawes committee met five years ago. Thus it is hard to find compelling reasons to induce the Allies to make large concessions unless Germany on her side can offer something in return.

Now, there is only one important concession left which it is open to Germany to make, namely, to forego the transfer protection afforded her by the Dawes scheme. The transfer protection means that the duty of the German government is limited to making payments in German marks. It is the responsibility of the Allies to change these marks into foreign currencies, and to cease exchanging them as soon as to do so endangers the mark exchange. This protection is of such tremendous advantage to Germany that she is most unlikely to give it up except in return for a reduction of the annuities to a much lower figure than the Allies can be expected to concede without more compelling evidence than exists at present as to Germany's capacity to pay. So long, therefore, as Germany is asked to give up the transfer protection, there is certain to be a wide gap between the Allied minimum terms and the German maximum offer.

The latest news from Paris indicates that Dr. Schacht's price for giving up even a small part of the transfer protection is, first, a reduction of the annuities by about one-third; second, a limitation of the period over which they are paid to thirty-seven years; and third, some vaguely outlined concessions relating to raw materials which are certain to be refused. This brings the dilemma to a head. Dr. Schacht would certainly be foolish to offer a substantial unprotected annuity, and on the other hand, it is too much to expect the Allies to come down to his figure until it is proved that they cannot get more. Doubtless, Dr. Schacht would be prepared to improve his offer, provided that transfer protection remained; but in that case, he would be getting something for nothing as compared with the Dawes scheme.

Nevertheless, for the Allied representatives to allow transfer protection to continue is probably the best chance of securing a settlement, for I doubt whether the general public is right in thinking that the amount of the annuities is the crucial point at issue. The vital question is as to the part of the annuities, if any, which is to be unprotected and therefore unconditional.

But there is another paradox. Neither Great Britain nor the United States really desires the removal of the transfer protection, in their own interest. The Dawes scheme was a highly ingenious technical invention. The transfer device protects two other kinds of interests besides Germany's. In the first place, it protects the foreign investor, for it means that his claims come first. The proceeds of reparations can only be remitted when this is possible without interfering with other remittances at the par of exchange. If Mr. Owen D. Young presses Germany to surrender the transfer protection, the Americans who have lent money to Germany will have their investments endangered through the possibility of a fall in the mark exchange. Moreover, it will be much more difficult for Germany to go on borrowing. In the second place, it protects the British, Italian and French industrialists from undue German competition. Under the Dawes scheme, Germany has to pay the equivalent of her natural trade surplus. The Allies cannot obtain more unless they give a special stimulus to German exports either by forcing down German wages, by taking large deliveries in kind, by giving her a preference, or in some other way. That is to say, the Dawes scheme gives them all they can get without using special means to compel German industry to compete with theirs more intensively than would occur otherwise. Do they want to do this?

I take rather a grave view of possible developments in the near future. For five years, Germany has been more than paying her way by borrowing, with the result that six months ago she had built up quite a comfortable reserve of gold and foreign currency. Partly on account of the position in Wall Street, her ability to borrow large sums has come to an end. As a result of this, her reserves have been melting away—the published figures of the Reichsbank showing a loss of $132,000,000 since January 1, of which she lost no less than $40,000,000

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last week. At this rate, the surplus reserves will disappear entirely in a few months, or even weeks.

The breakdown of the Paris conference is likely to accelerate this process. At the beginning of this year, it was calculated that foreign financiers had deposited something like $1,000,000,000 in Berlin, recallable at short notice. A withdrawal of 10 per-cent of this sum would be very inconvenient.

I am disposed, therefore, to predict that the transfer protection of this Dawes scheme will come into operation very shortly, and that Germany will cease for the time being to make any reparation payments at all.

J. M. KEYNES.

London (by cable.)

The Ethics of Nullification

THE aphorism that disrespect for one law leads to contempt for all is equally useful to the drys, who argue that unrepealable laws should be enforced, and to the wets, who argue that unenforceable laws should be repealed. It was given expression in Hoover's inaugural address:

> Our whole system of self-government will crumble either if the officials elect what laws they will enforce or the citizens elect what laws they will support. The worst evil of disregard for some laws is that it destroys respect for all law.

This statement raises a double question: on the one hand, is a margin of variation in enforcement consistent with self-government; and on the other, is the violation of unpopular or obsolete laws just as reprehensible as the breaking of laws that have the moral conviction of the whole community behind them? Is the nullification of a law to be regarded as a socially useful part of the total legal process, like repeal, or as mere law-breaking?

To the first half of each of these questions, which touch the foundations of government and human individuality, the partisans of enforcement return an impulsive and uncritical no: there must be no margin of variation permissible, and no difference between nullification and violation. But if we analyze this answer, we discover that it is merely a bit of doctrinaire guesswork, springing from a faulty understanding of our history, an artificial picture of our legal system, and a purely imaginary notion of human nature.

The theory that self-government is doomed when officers and citizens decide which laws are to be enforced is based upon a discredited view of free government: the doctrine of the separation of powers. This doctrine is a relic of eighteenth-century rationalism. It originated in Montesquieu's misunderstanding of the government of England. It has no roots in our history, but only in a foreigner's misconception of our institutions. It was a fashionable political dogma at the time the American Constitution was drawn up, but it was not then, and is not now, realized in the actual working of local government in Anglo-Saxon countries. And in these the local government takes care of most of the enforcement of criminal law.

According to the theory of the separation of powers, people can be assured of self-government only when their officials enforce blindly whatever laws their legislatures enact. There is no short-circuit allowed from people to administration. The popular will must be expressed through the legislature or not at all.

If this bookish doctrine were true, the only units of population that could make their will felt in public affairs would be those that happened to have sovereign legislative bodies. The smaller units, which take care of the enforcing of the law, would have only as much room for choice as the sovereign specifically allowed them. The law expressed by the legislature would be the "command of the sovereign," and aside from specific delegations of powers, there would be no elasticity or local variation in carrying out the sovereign's commands.

But the government that lives outside of books takes its course without much regard for the metaphysical thing called sovereignty or the precious distinction between legislation and enforcement.

Everyone knows that, in American politics, law-enforcement policies are openly voted upon in municipal elections. If the party that advocates strict law enforcement is defeated at the polls, those who are elected to office have a mandate from the voters to nullify certain of the laws enacted by the sovereign legislative authority. This control of the policy to be followed by local officials is an inherent part of the total legal and political process.

Prosecuting officials are equally sensitive to local pressure. In Kansas City, they secure conviction in one-third of one percent of the cases of arrest for liquor-law violation; in the rural districts near by, they convict 25 percent of the persons arrested. The judges in one region sentence a prohibition offender as if his crime were as serious as forgery; elsewhere they treat him like a careless motorist. All this goes on openly, the judges announcing in advance what punishments they will inflict. And back of all these permanent officials, there are the temporary instruments of enforcement, the members of the juries and grand juries. If they refuse to indict and convict, enforcement is impossible. The command of the sovereign goes unheeded.

From the standpoint of the abstract doctrine of

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the separation of powers, this margin of local freedom is no doubt a deplorable anomaly. From the point of view of the doctrine of sovereignty, it is an inexcusable usurpation. But, actually, these practices conform to the great tradition of Anglo-Saxon self-government. Through all the changes that have marked the political path of the Anglo-Saxons from the tribal period to the present, local independence applying criminal laws has prevailed.

In the early Anglo-Saxon times each community defined its own law. The king administered justice in a limited class of cases, but it was the local law that governed these cases. By the law of Berkshire, a murderer forfeited life and substance; by the law of Urchenfeld, he was fined 120 shillings. At Lewes, the crime of rape was compounded for eight shillings fourpence; in Worcestershire, it could not be compounded. When, in a later century, Henry II sent his justices through the land, they would inform themselves of the law of the locality, and would base their decisions upon the information they received. Later the royal judges built up a system of law that was common to the whole realm; this was the Common Law of England. But local autonomy was not thereby extinguished: from autonomy in defining the law, it passed over to autonomy in enforcing it.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth, law enforcement was in the hands of the country gentry. From this class were recruited the Justices of the Peace, "full of wise saws and modern instances." Shakespeare knew the type. They enforced as much or as little of the law as they saw fit. If they happened to be strict Calvinists, they might even go beyond the law in trying to force the people of their districts to conform to the Calvinist virtues. They would fine the villagers for shooting at the butts on Sunday. The good Queen would write letters of protest, but she had no way of compelling uniform law enforcement. The local authorities simply nullified the laws that did not please them. This willingness to nullify law came to America in the Mayflower.

In Colonial times, the Navigation Acts were unenforceable in America, the region for which they were intended. Smuggling ranked with other commercial enterprises as an eminently respectable, as well as profitable, occupation. Public opinion sided with the smuggler. Attempts to enforce the law broke down because the local government authorities held the key positions. This story was repeated again and again in the history of our country. As it was with the Fugitive Slave Law in the North before the Civil War, so is it with the Fifteenth Amendment in the South since Hayes' administration.

The autonomy of local government, in matters of criminal law, has not only survived the change from a law-defining to a law-enforcing function; it has also weathered the transition from the old Anglo-Saxon system to Norman feudalism, from feudalism to squirearchy, and thence to modern popular government with its organized party politics. In the light of this historical perspective, it would appear that the only state wherein local nullification menaces self-government is one that exists in university class-rooms alone. Local discretion in enforcing laws is more clearly a part of our system of self-government than the doctrines of the separation of powers and of sovereignty, in whose names it is condemned.

From the doctrinaire point of view, one might still argue that these local variations are to be regarded merely as violations. This raises the question of the distinction between nullification and violation. What is the law, after all, and how can it cease to be law? If, in the state of New Jersey, the law against larceny is violated, and at the same time the prohibition law, or Sunday theater law, is disregarded, the doctrinaire will lump all of these offenses together as law-breaking. In assuming this attitude, he deliberately ignores all the elements of the legal situation except the formal facts of statutory enactment.

For the doctrinaire, though he may not know it, believes in the Austinian theory of law. That is to say, he thinks that the law is the command of a sovereign, and the sovereign a determinate organ of the state. The Austinian theory patterns a general definition of law upon the model of the most recent and superficial kind of law—the statute.

As against the Austinian conception, there is the view that law is a product of the internal development of the community, a function of its culture in which the essential element is consensus, not command. According to this more natural and general view, the statutory enactment is only one among many ways in which law is expressed and defined.

The history of law, not only in Germanic lands but in all places whose legal history is known, shows that the earliest law was based on custom, and was thought to be something that no human agency could alter. The legal system was kept up to date by forgetting old laws and remembering new ones into existence. There was no sovereign, no determinate organ, no command.

The invention of writing interfered with this automatic legal system by making it more difficult to forget old laws or unconsciously introduce new ones. When the law was once written down, innovations became conscious. Outright legislation came to be practised. The consequent revolution in our way of thinking has gone so far that we now look to new law to accomplish just those miracles of beneficence that our ancestors expected of the "good and ancient customs of the realm." While our legislatures grind out volume after volume of new laws, we continue to exclaim of this or that inconvenience, "there ought to be a law about it."

The invention of legislation, however, has not killed the original habit of forgetting an inapplicable law and developing a new consensus as to

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what is right or wrong. These processes still form a part of the living legal system. There are whole classes of unrepealed statutes which are so obviously obsolete that any attempt to enforce them is regarded as freakish. A grand jury in Elizabeth, New Jersey, refused to indict a theater owner who was clearly guilty of violating the Sunday closing law, on the ground that "a change in conditions and customs makes the present law governing the moral life on the Sabbath more or less obsolete."

The doctrinaire view of law breaks down when confronted by three important kinds of statutes. Some are obsolete; others are opposed by the consensus of opinion in certain communities within the jurisdiction of the legislature which enacted them; and others are enacted without intention on the part of the legislators that they are to be enforced. With laws of these three kinds the problem of nullification arises. And in each case, the Austinian doctrinaire would claim that the statute is the law; while the student of the practical workings of our jurisprudence would ask whether the statute is actually expressive of the existing law.

To identify nullification with violation of the law is artificial from the standpoint of jurisprudence; from the standpoint of psychology, it is absurd. The statutes that are nullified by obsolescence, local opposition, or lack of serious legislative intent are not confused in the minds of the citizens with the living body of the law. If the community is regularly and wilfully disregarding a law, the most casual conversation of the citizens reveals that the particular statute is distinguished from, not confused with, other elements of the legal system.

With statutes of this type there is no evidence that disrespect for law is transferable from one law to another. The mountaineer who shoots deer out of season does not drop into hog-stealing, nor does the average citizen who carries a hip-flask condone such offenses as arson, highway robbery, or rape. In fact, if the provisions of the penal code relating to these offenses were repealed, the citizens would continue to regard them as crimes, and would probably devise extra-legal means of preventing them.

The violence that characterizes the bootlegger's trade does not arise from a moral indifference, leading the bootlegger to confuse in his mind the crime of murder and the crime of transporting alcoholic beverages. The violence results merely from the failure of the government to protect an industry that is outlawed by statute. The industry reverts to primitive self-help to protect property rights that cannot be defended in the courts or guaranteed by the police. It was not against the police that the gangsters armed themselves and developed their iron code. Their organization gives a rough and bloody substitute for law in a region from which the law has withdrawn.

The prohibition statute did more than create a new class of crimes; it abolished an old one. It made it illegal to sell, but legal to steal the forbidden liquor. The informal organization of the community then made compensation for the vagaries of the statute. Liquor larceny is still resisted and visited with punishment, though not by the police; the sale of liquor is still permitted, though not by the legislature. The speakeasies of New York often have signs tacked up behind the bar: "This place is insured against theft and dishonesty."

Just as the Volstead Act legalizes deeds that the community continues to regard as theft, so the Jones Act sanctions deeds that the moral sense of the citizens continues to condemn as murder. By increasing the penalty for liquor-law violations, the Jones Law automatically puts the suspected liquor-law violator into the class of the suspected felon. An officer who witnesses the commission of the felony of transporting liquor—were it only in a hip flask—acquires at once the technical rights over the person of the offender that would be acquired by an officer who witnessed a burglary. If the felon flees, refusing to halt when called upon to do so in the name of the law, the officer may kill him. The law will describe the deed as justifiable or excusable homicide. It may happen that the victim flees because he wrongly believes the pursuing officer to be a thug. Even this circumstance may not make the homicide a crime. But such acts, though legalized by statute, will be resented by the community as if there were no statute. A community terrorized by repeated outrages of this kind would probably develop such a temper that juries would acquit persons who killed prohibition-enforcement officers, or the offending officials might be subjected directly to mob vengeance. Fortunately, the adjustment of law enforcement to public sentiment takes place by way of the autonomy of the local community and nullification of the statute. The legislature cannot really give effect to its formal act to legalize murder, any more than it can make effective its enactment to legalize theft.

This experience with prohibition seems to demonstrate that there is something in the nature of law that a log-rolling legislature cannot touch by means of a statutory enactment. But the doctrinaire will still bring forth the objection that if everyone chooses which laws he will obey, the consequence is anarchy.

This is another of the objections based upon fiction—in this case, a fictitious notion of human nature. For human beings are not rational atoms, each utterly independent of the other and capable of entertaining any view, believing any doctrine, upholding any cause, that a speculative mind might invent for him. The opinions of men cannot be plucked up arbitrarily from their deep background. The same resistance that is offered to an unconsidered legislative act will also check these supposed attempts towards an anarchistic choice of laws to be obeyed or ignored.

The problem of law enforcement is so serious that we cannot afford to let our thought upon it

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derive from discredited doctrines of politics and law, or from fictitious notions of human nature. The claim that disregard for one law induces contempt for all is misleading both as to the nature of law and the facts of human behavior. Just as the logicians of Galileo's day argued that there could be no mountains on the moon, since the moon was a heavenly body, the heavenly bodies were perfect, and the form of perfection was a sphere, so the contemporary doctrinaire contends that there is no such thing as justifiable nullification, since the law is what is enacted by the legislature, the legislature is the voice of the sovereign, and the sovereign cannot be guilty of self-contradiction.

No wise or practical policy towards legal reform is likely to arise from a theory that does not take account of justifiable nullification as an inherent feature of the total legal and political process.

ROBERT C. BINKLEY.

Portrait of a Sage

IN THE bright warm room, so alive inside the bleak November dark, before the fire burning briskly and stoutly, Professor Grosbeake's three beautiful daughters gave me tea in their parents' absence. Among the elegant and slender spindles of the legs and rungs of the English furniture, which seemed blacker and stronger-sinewed, as if they had been brought to a sharper focus, than American mahogany, which—as in the case of the Queen Anne secretary, with its narrow shape, its dark dense grain, its close-laid shelves above, hooded with a double-loaf top and its close-packed drawers below, diminishing in thickness toward the bottom, its air of having always contained sealed letters and legal papers, all safely and neatly locked away—seemed designed for a tighter, compacter, and more downright civilization; among the late pale autumnal flowers, the roses and the bowl of white cosmos; the white ruffle-bordered curtains against the black of the winter panes and the patches of confused pink and green made by the modest modernist paintings—Magda, Frieda, and Rosamond, themselves in fresh light frocks like the flowers, enchanted me with their loveliness and candor.

They were all very smooth and blond: they had never bobbed their hair, and Frieda and Magda wore theirs brushed abundantly down their backs, like Alice in the Alice books. Rosamond, who was older than the twins, had hers up: it was parted in the middle and tightly wound behind in a blond and young-womanly knot, so that, if one thought only of her hair, she seemed like a young German fräulein (Mrs. Grosbeake was German), whereas, if one thought of her blue eyes, her straight nose, her long oval face and her long and graceful neck, she seemed like an English girl. She served the tea with nice shy manners. Rosamond was dressed in pale blue; and of the twins, Magda wore white, and Frieda, a kind of lilac, with stockings a kind of lavender, lighter than the frock. They seemed rather German than English: they had plump round cheeks and round noses, and were maturely developed for fourteen. Frieda had golden-red hair, which gave a singular effect of richness as it came down over her purple dress; Magda was more heavily built and slower-moving and slower-thinking than her sister: she was the blondest of all—her hair was the palest, purest flaxen I had ever seen.

I liked the English voices of the young Grosbeakes: they had a soft flurried way of speaking, and a maidenly innocence of timbre, quite unlike young American girls (though the twins were beginning already to acquire American slang). "I don't like this kind of crackers," said Magda. "We couldn't get the regular biscuits," Rosamond explained. "The grocer's all out of them.—I'm sorry," she went on seriously to me. "I'm afraid they're not very good!" "You always say 'biscuits,'" said Frieda, "and Magda always says 'crackers.' I think we all ought to say the same thing!" "What do you say?" queried Magda. "Sometimes I say one," said Frieda, "and sometimes I say the other. But I like 'biscuits' best!" "I think these are really crackers," said Rosamond, who did not want my feelings hurt by a discrimination in favor of "biscuits," "because they crackle so when you break them." "That's why I think 'biscuits' is better," insisted Frieda, "—because 'crackers' sounds as if they *all* crackled—but *some* biscuits just bend, you know!" "They're not biscuits," said Rosamond. "They're cakes.—Won't you have some more tea?" she urged me. "No," said Frieda, "you know those little soft ones that we had in the country last summer, that you can almost bend in two!" "They were little cakes," said Rosamond.—We heard someone come in at the front door. "There's father," Magda announced.

I could see Grosbeake taking off his black coat and his low-crowned black hat and setting his stick in the stand, before he appeared in the doorway. He had the rounded back of the scholar, a back, indeed, almost humped—of which I always used to feel that the exceptional extent to which it was bowed was an index to the degree of the difficulty of his researches. But Grosbeake, beyond this, had nothing of the physical deficiency—the weak eyes or the feeble figure—ordinarily attributed to the

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scholar. On the contrary, he seemed to have sprung from some tough ruddy-cheeked English stock which not even a lifetime of universities could enervate or fade. Despite the fineness of his features, he had something of Mr. Pickwick and even something of Mr. Punch. And upon an American who had been living in New York, he produced a curious and gratifying impression: it was as if one were surprised, and rejoiced, after seeing a horde of depersonalized masks, at finding someone who possessed a face. With his cheeks flushed rosy by the cold, his salient nose and chin, his slanting Henry VIII eyes and his look of having been carved by hand out of some very sound kind of wood by a wood-carver of the days before machinery, he gave the impression of being a product, by way of the generations which had preceded him, of a constant hand-to-hand encounter with the turbulence of the elements and with the occasions of human life. He wore black English clothes and his stiff white cuffs were very white: his collar and his cravat, and his white locks which came down over his collar, seemed to me very old-fashioned. He always carried a thickish dark stick, with a brass top of interlocked apes, which a brother had brought him from India.

He greeted me with his charming courtesy and peered up at me with wise and subtle bird-lidded eyes. "I'm sorry," he explained, "not to have been able to be here for tea. But there was a meeting of the examination committee at precisely a quarter to five—something which would be unthinkable in England, you know." He lifted sparse old eyebrows in a smile. "Rather than make the dons miss their tea, they'd allow the examination to be prepared without adequate consultation!—I had proposed holding the meeting in a tea-room, but they didn't seem to care for the suggestion—or to take the hint!" He spoke slowly and very deliberately, and his voice had fine up-and-down inflections of sweetness and irony: his nostrils had inflections, too, and vibrated while he spoke.

"I'll send it back and have it heated," said Rosamond. "No: don't trouble: never mind!" said Grosbeake. He stood before the fire, his hands clasped just above his stomach. "I think we shall have snow," he announced. "I think we shall have snow!—The Dean was very sure we shouldn't—but I believe that we shall!" I remarked that we had had no frost and that the afternoon had been warm. "That was what the Dean pointed out," he replied. "He even insisted on making a bet with me. He bet me a bottle of Scotch whiskey against a bottle of my sherry. I think he'll get the better of the bargain: the sherry is very good: it was given me by a friend in the Embassy, who had the privilege of bringing it in!"

He took the cup of tepid tea from Rosamond and sat down in an arm-chair before the fire. He asked me about myself and what I had been writing. I was ashamed to be obliged to tell him that, even while I had been abroad, I had really not written anything—I said that my literary morale had been low, or something equally silly.

"I was just thinking," he replied, "in the Dean's room, in looking at the portraits of the college presidents there—that it may be from certain points of view as much of a misfortune to have too much character, too well kept up a morale, as to have too little. When I looked at the early presidents, especially the seventeenth-century ones, I said to myself, 'There are men whose character has been overdeveloped!' It's a very special combination of qualities, you know, that's required for a mind capable of original work. A man mustn't have his character too vigorously developed, because he must be able to experiment with ideas. It's like going to buy a hat, you know—first you try one on and wear it for a bit to see how it goes, and then you try on another. But a man with a strongly developed character is unable to do that. —But, on the other hand, of course, he must still have character enough not simply to drift about without preferring one idea to another."

Grosbeake had a curious irony, which was always at the same time benign. It was the irony—one sees it seldom—of a mind which is at once innocent and subtle, and which has, in consequence, *something divine about it: an irony without malice.* He had a touch perhaps of the vanity, or rather, of the dandyism, of the modern mathematical philosopher, who finds himself provided with paradoxes at once so surprising, so attractive and so sound.

But no one could have been farther than Grosbeake from the essential triviality of mind which academic arrogance or complacency so often tries to disguise. He was a sort of modern type of sage, who taught wisdom in casual conversation and virtue only through example. I had felt his influence even in college at a time when I as yet knew nothing of his philosophical ideas. For Grosbeake had the most comprehensive mind, at home in the most varied fields, with which I had ever come into contact. For him philosophy was an attempt to take account of all the aspects of the universe, and to find in them a coherence and a meaning; so that his comment on any subject had a special significance and value, and, despite the fact that he never made an effort to expostulate or convert, was likely to present itself long afterwards as something to be seriously considered in making up one's own mind on the subject. And though he detested every sort of preaching, and though even the study of Ethics was inconceivable to him, he had the effect, more than anyone else I had known, of making moral distinction attractive. I remember his saying once of some student, a student of whose abilities he thought well, but who, as punishment for some escapade, had had his chapel cuts taken away from him so that he couldn't go out of town over Sundays, that it would "do him good," because he would now have to work during the week-ends. "So you do believe in doing people good!" someone

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present had caught him up. "I thought you didn't believe in that!" "That's an object," Grosbeake had replied, a little taken aback, "which I believe is best promoted indirectly."

Mrs. Grosbeake came in before dinner: she was a broad, handsome, placid German woman, very thoroughly educated and very practical. One always felt that she was a kind of base upon which Grosbeake's metaphysics rested; for he was more sensitive and nervous than he appeared, and, although intellectually imperturbable, was in other ways easily disorganized.

We had dinner in the white-walled dining-room —it was a solid and attractive Colonial house. The Grosbeakes had brought over their own silver, as well as their own furniture, and the pieces had always seemed to me to possess plainly discernible personalities, even physiognomies: there was a squarish silver tea-pot which squatted flat upon the table and had a very sharp emphatic spout that jutted straight out from the base and was balanced at the other end by a long straight high-cocked handle. And the cream pitcher, the sauce-boat, and even the little salt-cellars straddled sturdily on three tiny legs, like some sort of blunt-beaked beetles, or rather, it occurred to me tonight, like the snouted and pot-bellied demons of Bruegel and Callot. Even the color and the substance of the food seemed to have a special richness and density, as if they had been painted in a still life: the bread and the boiled potatoes looked particularly firm and white, the mound of currant jelly particularly lucent and red, and the beefsteak particularly vivid in its contrasts of red and brown. The Ambassador's sherry was delicious. In spite, however, of the satisfaction which Grosbeake had seemed to feel in it, his epicurean tastes were really indulged almost exclusively in the things of the intellect, so that I have heard him relish a page of Hume as if it had been a wine, whereas food and drink themselves, as well as other material comforts, he usually disregarded. Now he dominated the table, talking tranquilly and blandly; and in the presence of their father and mother, the three lovely Grosbeake girls —unlike young American girls, who usually dominate their parents—were entirely in abeyance, with only an occasional low, rapid exchange between the twins, who were sitting together.

"I've been reading Sinclair Lewis's 'Babbitt,'" Grosbeake remarked. I asked him what he thought of it. "Oh, very good," he replied. "Though a little unfair to Babbitt, I think. Of course, I know very little about the American cities of the Middle West—I can't pretend to speak. But from the students from the West whom I've had in my courses, I get rather a different impression. They're very alert, you know—very eager to learn. And they do well: they grasp things very quickly. So I don't think that the families they come from can be quite so uniformly benighted as Lewis wants us to believe.

"It seems to me rather a mistake, you know, to hold the business men up to ridicule for their Rotary Clubs and their fraternal organizations. Under conditions of that kind, where the city is quite new and the people have no institutions, they have to make their own institutions to hold them together and to create a real community. Rotary Clubs and societies of that sort perform a most important role. They might be improved upon, no doubt, but they are very necessary things.

"It seems to me that, from some points of view, the most unfortunate feature of American business is its failure to provide real leaders. Professor Pittinger, who has been making a study of the subject, tells me that it has become impossible, for example, for the president or one of the directors of a large corporation to leave a controlling interest to his son. He can only leave him an investment, and the son can spend the money as he pleases; but he inherits no responsibility and no power, and the surviving officers of the company don't recognize his right to any. That seems to me unfortunate, because where the father has to make his own way, largely without advantages, to a position of importance, the son, who has had the advantages, finds himself with no power. You often find in England that the squire who has lived in the country, and has had to deal at first-hand with his tenants, and with his animals and land, has a far stronger sense of realities than the more enlightened Londoner."

"But he sometimes mistreats his tenants and mismanages his estate abominably," Mrs. Grosbeake interjected.

"If he does," continued Grosbeake, "he knows better what he's doing, nevertheless, than the average Liberal member of Parliament, say, who has the best intentions in the world, but who lives between his club, and certain houses to which he goes, and the House of Commons—always seeing the same people, who are all people of precisely his way of thinking, who are living in precisely the same way—so that he never at any point really comes into contact with realities—and so never really knows what he is talking about. Even Morley was a little like that.

"I wonder whether it mightn't be an advantage, both to the sons of business men and to the businesses themselves, if the second generation could take over some responsibility in connection with their fathers' work. They seem to me very intelligent—so far as I've been able to judge from those I meet in my classes—and the effect on trade and industry of even one generation of such men might, I should think, be enormous. In that event, the Rotary Clubs might become very important institutions—they might provide the moral leadership for business."

I had so long been taking it for granted that no good could come out of business that this idea of Grosbeake's seemed to me a very queer and foreign one; but I reflected on what he had said.

I always listened with interest and respect to

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Grosbeake's opinions on American matters. He had studied American affairs with the attention, at once sympathetic and detached, which he applied to everything, and he often succeeded in illumining them with that uncanny divination which he displayed in all sorts of fields quite outside his special province. At that time, it had become the custom for Englishmen who visited America—we encouraged it, of course, ourselves—to edify us with generalizations about American life and institutions—generalizations often based on a round of cocktail parties in New York, or, at most, on a lecture tour. So many of the prizes in America always went to the third and second-rate, that we had become, especially since the War, a paradise for British mediocrities—poets, novelists, and universal critics, who had often great success as lecturers. They went about patronizing the Americans with a gusto and a giddy elation which suggested that they might themselves have been patronized at home; and they would sometimes tour the country from coast to coast and return again and again. It was, therefore, peculiarly gratifying for an American to discover in Grosbeake those qualities of toughness, richness, eccentricity, and independence which one had admired in English literature and history, but of which one had so often been disappointed in the English celebrities who visited us.

After dinner, we sat before the fire. Mrs. Grosbeake seemed to contribute a ground-tone of infinite repose: she made one feel that the body of humanity was invulnerably solid and sound, and that it was deep and contained many treasures which had never been brought to birth. She sat with her feet side by side, resting squarely on the floor, and she wore some sort of leather sandals, with very wide blunt toes. These sandals, like the modernist paintings (which Grosbeake had bought from a former student, in financial difficulties), were one of the odd notes of unconventionality in the tranquil conventional household; and they surprised me in the same unwarranted way as when one found Grosbeake, in certain of his writings, carrying his philosophical principles through morals into the field of political criticism and bringing in an indictment against nationalism or capitalism.

I had never, as an undergraduate, read anything which Grosbeake had written, and I had never taken any of his courses. I had, however, in my senior year, sometimes gone to his house. After meeting him once or twice at teas, I had run into him one day in the hallway of one of the recitation buildings: he had recognized me and had talked to me about an article which I had just written for the college magazine and which had aroused a certain amount of controversy. I had attacked wholesale, as a sinister conspiracy against freedom of action and thought, the policy of the English Department, the administration of the Dean's office, football mass meetings, compulsory chapel, and the custom of compelling freshmen to wear little black caps; and I was surprised and rather embarrassed by Grosbeake's expression of friendly interest. I replied almost apologetically—I had been dismayed by the rumpus I had roused—that I seemed to have laid myself open to a good deal of adverse criticism. "Ah, well," Grosbeake had reassured me, "one can't take up any position, can one? without doing that." My complaints had been made in resentment, and they had been answered with resentment by the faculty, the alumni, the editors of the college daily, the officers of the athletic association, and some of the more ardent and articulate freshmen, who insisted that they asked nothing better than to pay homage to the college tradition by continuing to wear their little black caps: it had never occurred to me at the time that I was engaged in doing anything so dignified as taking up a position, and I had felt that I must be careful, in the future, to conduct the controversy with more scrupulousness and sobriety, that I must remember my intellectual responsibilities. And half my bitterness and indignation against the college authorities was gone at finding an elderly and important professor willing to consider without heat what I had said.

He had invited me then to his house, and I used to go there on Sunday evenings, when the Grosbeakes received faculty and students. I rarely heard him talk about his subject, and did not understand him when he did: I had only the vaguest notion what it was. I figured him as eternally occupied with solving the same sort of problems with which I had struggled in Trigonometry and Permutations and Combinations. I did not know that those strings of puzzles were not the whole of mathematics, but merely multiplied illustrations of general mathematical laws in which no one had attempted to interest us. And still less did I realize that Grosbeake had passed beyond Mathematics proper to Symbolic Logic (it was principally the fact that we had in our faculty another of the small but infatuated band of the students of Symbolic Logic—a man with whom he wished to collaborate—which had brought him to the United States and kept him there so long). I did not know that Symbolic Logic was an attempt to provide a universal language for all the branches of science, and that this attempt to formulate relations common to many departments of thought was itself a deeper expression of the same genius which had given rise to Grosbeake's interest in such varied fields of human activity, and of his extraordinary instinct for tracing their interrelations. Aside from his personal distinction and charm, it was this gift which had fascinated me: he had usually talked to me about literature, but, aside from his appreciation of poetry, plays, and novels as such—which was in itself remarkable—he had also a brilliant faculty for reading into them social and moral history and revealing their philosophic implications.

I had, however, never guessed at Grosbeake's real importance—and indeed his importance outside his special field had never really appeared until a year or two before the War, when he had turned

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from mathematics to philosophy. When I came to read his books, I was astonished. First of all, Grosbeake's tone and style in his philosophical writings were not at all what I should have expected. His manner in conversation was rather urbane, dispassionate, and dry: he seemed, as I have said, to approach ideas with a certain epicureanism of the intellect. But his writing had a close tough grain: it was crystalline, in the sense that it gave an effect of the hardness and clarity of crystals rather than of the limpidity of crystal; it had a peculiar earnestness and intensity, and a kind of incandescence. But what had surprised me most—I had already had some idea of the universal scope of his mind—were the power of his imagination and the boldness and stoutness of his spirit.

Grosbeake was one of the first modern philosophers really competent to understand the new physics of relativity and quantum theory, who had made an attempt, on the full scale, to trace the consequences of these discoveries for the concepts of general philosophy, and to construct a system which should admit them. This had brought him to a drastic rejection of the philosophical assumptions of old-fashioned mechanistic science.

I had lately been haunted and oppressed by the sense that humanity, after all, was merely another race of animals, whose behavior was fixed by their environment, and by the cells which they had had from their parents, and that the earth and all its creatures was only a complicated interaction of hard little particles like bullets. I now learned that it had lately become possible, in the light of scientific research—that it had even become inevitable (though I was far from being able to follow all Grosbeake's arguments) to regard the universe, not as a machine, which had once been wound up and was still running, but as an organism in course of development. The unit was no longer a bullet, but something called an event; and the world was a flux of events. The relativity of time and space and the anomalous behavior of electrons, in undermining the "iron laws" of nature, had opened floodgates of speculation which the ordinary reasonable mind, the kind of mind which respected science without examining its assumptions or attempting to force them to their consequences, had long tended to regard as closed. And despite the surprise and disapproval of other mathematicians who, capable of turning out only one kind of article, prided themselves on sticking to their lasts, Professor Grosbeake had late in his career emerged as a metaphysician.

I wanted to make him talk on this subject, and I inquired vaguely about the congress of a scientific association which he had attended the summer before. He told me briefly of some of its proceedings, then added, after a pause, with his bland and serious irony: "If you want to see the sort of men that the medieval Church must have been made up of, you should study an assemblage of modern scientists. I thought about them last summer that they must be very like the medieval doctors. They're all more or less internationally minded, you know, and they're men of strong character and conviction—and they're all authoritarians: they subscribe to a body of dogma and they won't countenance any heresy. If a scientist has evolved an hypothesis which runs counter to the established hypothesis, they won't give it a serious hearing—if he's performed an experiment, you know, which conflicts with accepted experiments, they refuse to look at it!"—

At this point in the conversation, Magda and Frieda, who had to go to bed, came in to say goodnight. They kissed their mother, who spoke to them in a low voice, but they hesitated about kissing their father—in the midst of solemn discourse and with a visitor present. Magda hung back by her mother's couch, but Frieda cut the knot by dashing forward, diving for his bald brow—I saw her own beautiful hair over her shoulders, like some spilling of gold by the gods—and running abruptly out of the room. "Oh, goodnight, my dear!" said Grosbeake.—"They have never executed anyone," he continued—Magda kissed him on the cheek, more diffidently: "Goodnight, my dear!—But there are other methods of suppression even more expedient and effective; for burning calls attention to the victim."

His criticism of contemporary science soon led him into metaphysics.—The entrance of those gold and white girls—the offspring, so late in life, of that old bald round-shouldered man who had spent long years in the obstinate plumbing (by means of formulas so difficult and abstract that they excluded even ideas of number, so far beyond the ordinary reaches of even scientific minds that they dismayed even mathematicians), of that mysterious reality which is at once what we find outside us and what we think about it—the entrance of Grosbeake's lovely daughters had had the effect on me of a revelation of the human vitality, the creative force of flesh and blood, which is embodied in abstract thought. It was as if my imagination had fully conceived for the first time that the logician's chain of propositions, no less than the astronomer's systems and the physicist's analysis of the invisible, was as much the ripened fruit of rich natures as the poetry of Sophocles and Dante, or as those beautiful long-limbed children, the breed of the Kentish seas and of the forests of the Rhineland, who had brusquely embraced their father.

He talked to me about the book he was writing. All that I had ever learned at college of philosophy had been a conception of the external world as a colorless and soundless wilderness whose true nature one could never know, which one could not even imagine—but which I did, none the less, imagine as a vast landscape of polar spaces in whose eternal twilight one wandered, preoccupied and deluded by a flicker of magic-lantern pictures which danced inside one's mind and forever remained private to oneself. I had now learned, however, from

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Grosbeake that since, for example, the colors of billiard balls affect the behavior of the players, they must belong as much to reality, to that Nature which was no longer outside one, as the light-waves, which were assumed to have produced them. And it now appeared that Grosbeake admitted as belonging, also, to reality those esthetic values which might make us prefer a well painted billiard ball to a badly painted one. And so, finally, he told me, moral values, which he identified with esthetic values, must be equally a part of that reality which he found it impossible to split into two divisions of mind and matter, body and soul.

What astonished me most, however, was that Grosbeake now crowned his system with a new conception of God: he brought God back into the universe of science under what appeared to me at first an unfamiliar form. For Grosbeake's God was as different as possible from the tolerant and moderate Great Spirit, the enlightened parliamentary monarch, of the modern liberal theologian. God, for Grosbeake, was the ultimate harmony implied by the esthetic and moral values of which men were aware in the universe; and our moments of divine revelation were simply those when we realized most vividly the necessity of this harmony and order, when we became most acutely conscious of this creative purpose of God. And it was, then, this creative purpose which, in the interest of the ultimate harmony, determined which possibilities, among the infinite possibilities of the constant flux of events, the development of the universal organism, should make themselves actual.

I listened to Grosbeake with excitement. And I was moved by what seemed to me the greatness of his mind and the boldness of his spirit amidst the modesty and mildness of his home.—I mustn't keep him up, then, and tire him: Mrs. Grosbeake had already gone to bed.

I said that I must go, and he got up and brought a bowl of nuts, which we cracked in front of the fire. He told me some Victorian anecdote about Gladstone and Disraeli, whom he always called "Dizzy."

As I finally came out of the warm house into the white-framed glass-sided porch which enclosed the front door, I felt a tinge of crispness in the air, as when the first ice-splinters web a pond, and I caught the chilly fragrance of the roses and the white and daisylike cosmos, which had been set out in vases for the night—and as I took leave of Grosbeake—gazing out through the glass at the pavement lightly dappled with leaves and the dark grass glittering with wet—my mind bemused with a vision of God as a vast crystal fixing its symmetry from a liquefied universe—I felt a delicious delicacy of iciness, glossy fall-leaf slivers and black rain-glinting glass.

"It's beginning to snow," said Grosbeake. It was true: it was not raining, but snowing. A great flake alighted on my sleeve. "So I win my bet with the Dean," he said. "I shall have his Scotch whiskey and not he my sherry!—You know, the weather's the only subject on which I really regard myself as nearly infallible. It comes from being bred on the Kentish coast—learning about one's weather from the narrow seas! What does Dean Mosely know about the weather?—coming from an inland city, like Indianapolis!"

He came to the outside door and regarded the large flakes with satisfaction, then went on: "Dean Mosely kept insisting that there were none of the signs of snow—and when he came to enumerate them, I saw that it was true: there were none of the signs. But I knew it was going to snow!"

EDMUND WILSON.

The Birth-Control Raid

"THIS is *my* party!" shouted Policewoman Mary Sullivan, in the midst of her personally conducted raid on the Birth Control Clinical Research Bureau in New York City, last week. Subsequent developments have demonstrated that this boast was as premature as it was untruthful. For Policewoman Sullivan's little raiding party, carried out with a vigor that swept aside as unnecessary such things as common courtesy and ordinary good manners, has proved to be of vital interest to every thinking member of this community. And the end is not yet in sight. As I write these indignant words, the announcement comes that Chief Magistrate William McAdoo now admits that the police, in seizing the case histories of our patients, had exceeded the scope of the search warrant he had issued authorizing this raid—an act on their part which constitutes a misdemeanor.

After you have spent some fifteen years, slowly and with infinite pains and patience working for the right to test the value of contraceptive practice in a scientific and hygienic—and lawful—manner, without interfering with the habits or the morals of those who disagree with you, it is indeed difficult to submit with equanimity to such brutal indignities as were gratuitously thrust upon us at the clinic a week ago. Compensations there have been, of course—mainly in the enlightened attitude of such dailies as the New York Herald Tribune and others, and the generous offers of aid from distinguished physicians. But even these can scarcely counterbalance the evidence of the sinister and secret power of our enemies.

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As in the breaking up of the birth-control meeting in the Town Hall, in 1921, the raid on the Birth Control Research Bureau gives us a glimpse of the animus which may direct the action of the police. In their futile efforts to annihilate a social agency which had already been given a clean bill of health by the health department of the municipality, by the state board of charities and by the Academy of Medicine, our hypocritical antagonists have not the courage to fight us squarely, in the open, but adopt the cowardly subterfuge of utilizing minor and crassly ignorant members of the police force. Our research bureau has been functioning since 1923, operating within the law, and coöperating with recognized charitable institutions.

From whatever point of view it is analyzed, Policewoman Sullivan's "party" was a deplorable failure. A failure, first of all, because it has exposed a complete lack of intelligence in those who conducted it, and a woeful lack of coördination in the police department itself. It is not enough for Grover Whalen or District Attorney Banton to disclaim all foreknowledge of the raid. Modest as may be the headquarters of the research bureau, it is highly significant and important. Therefore, to permit minor members of the police force, or hostile assistants in the office of the District Attorney, to pass judgment upon its fate, denotes either a lack of coördination of powers, or a bland carelessness in directing them. Certainly no official of the city government, cognizant of awakened public opinion concerning the social value of contraception, and aware, moreover, of the searching criticism to which the police department of New York City is now subjected, would ever have chosen the present moment as one psychologically suited to inaugurate a brutal raid upon a modest unadvertised clinic which was functioning quietly and successfully in an obscure side street, minding its own business and hoping that its powerful ecclesiastical neighbors would mind theirs. At a time when the criminal elements of the city—racketeers, gangsters, gunmen and hijackers—are so active and successful, it would seem to a bystander that all the intelligence, skill, and brawn of the force should be mobilized and focused upon "crime control."

Even the thrill of satisfaction we have had in the offers of distinguished doctors to testify in our behalf, in the letters to the press, and the courageous outspoken editorials, cannot obliterate the memory of Policewoman Sullivan standing in the clinic and shouting vigorously and victoriously "This is my party!" I would rather forget that here was a woman fighting against other women who were devoting their lives to succor and to save their fellow women. By trickery and hypocrisy she had obtained her "evidence," and now she triumphantly commanded the doctors and nurses into the waiting patrol wagons.

Whatever the outcome of this raiding party, I hereby call upon the citizens of New York to find out for themselves how and where it originated, and why it was carried out. I ask them to recall the breaking up by the police of the birth-control meeting in Town Hall, with the subsequent revelation that this illegal action was instigated by Roman Catholic ecclesiastical authorities. We are paying, and paying heavily, for the support of a great police force. It is our right and duty to insist that it shall function in an efficient, legal, and socially effective manner. Policewoman Sullivan's "party" exposes it as operating in a manner which suggests the gratification of private prejudices and unreasoning emotion, rather than the even-handed administration of justice and the law.

MARGARET SANGER.

Washington Notes

AS the extra session of Congress swings into its second week, several things are reasonably clear to the observing eye. One is that, under the benign rule of the Rev. Dr. Nicholas Longworth, the House this time is better organized, disciplined and directed than it has been since the good old Cannon days, for which, it must be confessed, young liberal as I am, the painful periods of legislative incompetency through which we have since sweated frequently caused me to mourn. The reasons why the House promises this time to function as well as can reasonably be expected from any body of its size, and better than it has for many years, are numerous, varied and convincing. First, there is the outstanding fact that the Republicans have a clear plurality of a hundred votes; second, no coalition of so-called progressives and Democrats is possible, for the double reason that the progressives are without cohesive force or sense of direction, and the Democrats are divided on practically every issue, including particularly the tariff; third, the tone of the whole Congress is conservative, conciliatory, docile. They want to follow, not fight. There is, too, the harmonious nature of the Rev. Dr. Longworth's 1929-model legislative machine, the closeness of his relations and clearness of his understanding with the Hon. Jack Garner, puffy little manager of the minority, and the ardent character of the Longworth desire to gain a reputation for at least approximately serious statesmanship, a thing not so easy for a "Prince of Good Fellows" to establish and maintain. If he ever is going to establish that sort of a reputation, this is the time to do it. It is not likely he will have a better opportunity. The tenor of his speech upon the occasion of his reëlection as Speaker was an indication that the Rev. Dr. Longworth fully grasps this aspect of the situation.

Another thing that seems clear about the session is that the Senate is as lacking in leadership as the House is well led. So far as that is concerned, the Senate has not had a real leader since the death of Boies Penrose. Lodge made no real attempt to lead. Irritable, and unpopular most of the time, he did not care whether anyone followed or not. Curtis was, of course, the feeblest sort of joke as a floor leader, and it is difficult to find a fitting word to describe the blundering ineptitude of the elephantine Watson. If there were such a thing as a virile and unified minority in the Senate, or if the progressives had either a

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program or a boss, the weakness of the regular Republican leadership might mean administration disaster in this session. As it is, I do not believe, in spite of the predictions to the contrary, that Mr. Hoover will have a great deal of trouble in getting what he wants from the Senate. One reason is that, if the House performs with the competency and speed expected, delay and inertia upon the part of the Senate will be in such striking contrast as to make its position not only indefensible but uncomfortable and untenable. Another is that, unlike Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Hoover has a very clear and concrete idea of what he does and doesn't want. In these yeasty days, the quality of definiteness gives the man in the White House a great advantage. As for the Senate leadership, my belief is that, before the session is half over, the practical direction and control of the majority will be in the hands of the shrewd Mr. Moses of New Hampshire, for the simple reason that there is no one else. Whatever you may think of Mr. Moses—and a good many do—it must be conceded that he is an effective fellow in a legislative body—not impressive, perhaps, but effective. He knows all the tricks.

He is experienced and smooth. He does not inspire confidence, and his politics is never on a high plane. He cuts corners and his political principles are largely matters of expediency and not of conviction. Nevertheless he is the best bet in sight, and if anything like orderly administrative support is to be obtained in the Senate, the administration will have to rely largely on Mr. Moses. For one reason, there is no one else. For another, he is the logical White House Spokesman. He was the original Hoover-for-President Senator, and one of his campaign managers. The idea that Henry Allen, the new Senator from Kansas, is to be the Hoover senatorial representative, the recognized "friend of the President," is not, in my judgment, well founded. Mr. Allen's talents are for platform comedy rather than practical, political effectiveness. He is a windy and not very convincing orator, good, I suppose, in Kansas, but unless I am greatly mistaken he will prove almost as much of a flop in the Senate as he did in the campaign as publicity manager. I regret to say that Henry is not as deep as he looks.

It is interesting that Mr. Hoover should personally be so much stronger in the House than in the Senate. Most of his real political friends are in the House, very few in the upper chamber. I recall that last April, long before the Hoover movement had its real impetus, an organization of nearly two hundred Republican House members was effected, in the Hoover interest. Nearly all these men are still in the House. All of them are still Hoover men. They have a feeling that they were instrumental in putting Herbert in the White House and that it is incumbent upon them to support him, which feeling naturally makes easier the Rev. Dr. Longworth's prospective demonstration of competency. There is no such feeling in the Senate. On the contrary, among the older Senators there were few who were enthusiastic for Hoover's nomination. Most of them, including Leader Watson, were bitterly hostile. Quite a number still harbor hot resentment at the manner in which the Hoover organization rolled them flat at Kansas City and at the necessity of accepting as President a man whose Republicanism is too recent to be warm or real.

Despite the absence of affection for Hoover among Republican Senators, and notwithstanding the incurable garrulity of that allegedly august body, I repeat that, while there will be hostility to the Hoover ideas, it will not be unyielding hostility. A considerable amount of trouble will be made by the Norbecks, Reeds, Johnsons and Nyes, and one or two others, but in the end they will give way because of the extremely uncomfortable nature of the position in which they will be placed, by the prompt action of the House and by the pressure of public opinion. This, I think, will be behind Mr. Hoover as it was behind the good Calvin, though with better reason. I have often dwelt upon the depressing fact that, regardless of his strength with the people, Mr. Coolidge had worse luck with his recommendations in Congress than any President who can be recalled. Undoubtedly that is true, but there is a difference between Hoover and Coolidge. Hoover is not only far clearer as to what he wants, but, with the power to get it, he will not be too timid to use that power, notwithstanding his conciliatory twaddle about the "separation of the executive from the legislative branch" and "the duty of Congress," and notwithstanding the disappointing drabness of his first message. Perhaps I am wrong, but I think he will at least put up a fight. That is one thing his predecessor never thought of doing.

But getting away from the legislative outlook, the most interesting speculation in Washington right now, aside from the major European posts soon to be filled, concerns the governor-generalship of the Philippines. For this the Roosevelt family has developed two candidates. One, of course, is dauntless young Theodore, Jr., now, as I am told, on his way home from India with a whole boat-load of stuffed beasts and birds, and a buoyancy of spirit that will be pretty hard for some of his friends to bear. The other is Cousin Nicholas Roosevelt, editorial writer on the New York Times, author of several books on the Orient and authority on the Philippines. This is the job Herbert offered the martyred Donovan, declaring his belief at the time that it was the most important place he had at his disposal, and presented the best opportunity for "constructive work." That was all right, but 10,000 miles seemed a little too far away for poor Bill. He prefers to be miserable in Washington rather than happy on the other side of the world. If there are any other names besides those of the Roosevelt boys now under consideration for this post, they have not been revealed. It does seem, though, that if the Roosevelt family could just unite it would stand a better chance.

Speaking of Roosevelts, I am too far away from Albany to know much about the merits of the matter, but New Yorkers of both parties who are here or who come here are in apparent accord as to Governor Roosevelt's performance up to date. The Democrats are privately depressed over the alleged fact that he has just missed "clicking." Republicans are correspondingly elated over what they term his "flop," and the ease with which they really believe they can beat him next year. It may of course change, but I am revealing no secret when I say the talk we get down here about Franklin D. is not so good, not so good.

T. R. B.

Washington.

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Mr. Henry Travers

THE Theater Guild lets the season subside with two comedies, the last of which is from Prague by way of Mr. Philip Moeller. "The Camel through the Needle's Eye" is the second play so far by Frantisek Langer to be produced in New York, but he has been for some time well known in Central Europe certainly, and in his own country much esteemed. The Reinhardt company brought "Periphery" to us last year, a play of the "Liliom" school, though more genuine than Molnar's work, less sentimental and perhaps less theatrically effective. This comedy at the Martin Beck is in a lighter mood, written with a good deal of carefree improvisation, and for the first two acts very pleasantly engaging and worthy to be seen, now that the easy light of spring has come and our minds relax into summer indulgences.

We begin with rheumatism and cooked-over cabbage, for the eyes and nose of charity. Pesta lies on his bed by the wall, his wife scrubs, gets the room into the right smell for poverty, recounts her youth and ruin, and sends the husband out to fall down in the streets and be brought home by the kind rich. He is presently brought in by a counselor, a society lady, a director and Alik, a rich young man who is too blasé to speak—he writes what he has to say. Things look up. The young man carries off Mrs. Pesta's daughter Susi, child of her early wrongs, and leaves money behind. In the second act the young couple are in love: and with a European delicacy—which is to say pleasantly, without heavy slogans about what makes a man a man—Susi is pushing Alik into business progress, and under the devotion of the counselor and the director is playing the market herself. The society lady comes with her daughter, whom Alik is designed to marry. Alik's father comes. The plan for a milk establishment that Susi's mother has more or less brought in has suddenly matured; the two gentlemen back it; and, since Alik's father is footing the bills for the household, it seems, Susi departs, in great independence.

The last act shows the milk establishment, with something of the *neue-kunst* thrown in, carried on in fact from the previous act, where Mr. Lee Simonson's décor was also modern and a good deal better at that than most of the *kunst* exhibitions have been.

As in so many comedies, the last act in "The Camel through the Needle's Eye" finds itself less secure in its invention. Part of it might well be cut; ten minutes at least could be cut and still keep the play an amiable length. And more motivation might be supplied; the butler from the second-act apartment—with his familiar superiorities not unlike Serena Blandish's friend Martin and divers others—might be brought in again; the motive of the society young lady and Susi as half-sisters, one by the wife, one by the mistress, might be made diverting; the troubles of the lovers might be entrusted to a slightly more serious scrutiny and still be safe in our interest—there might, in sum, be a little more subtlety and point without risking any loss in the play's humor and the audience's attention. The very end of the play is capital. The lovers will of course marry, and in connection with the problem of their marriage the Continental class sense makes an interesting complication, for Susi is not sure yet whether Alik will want to stay in this world of trade and love that she has drawn him to. And just as we expect the marriage, we expect Alik to burst out of his boredom into a tirade of speech, for these are pleasant developments suitable for comedies. But the row at the end, with Alik shouting out who is boss from this on, comes off very fresh and round.

Mr. Elliot Cabot and Miss Miriam Hopkins have to carry the more elusive delights of the comedy and must struggle with the unrealities and sincerities of such roles, and render for us the archness and sprightliness of dear young people as love stories like to make them out. They are more than successful with Alik and Susi, except perhaps in the last act, where the matter sometimes suffers from what F. P. A. once called fallen archness—the little scene, for instance, where she gives him a lesson in selling milk to customers. To their credit, however, it must be said, they reduce this to its least possible nausea. We are reminded in these passages of the whole subject of the arch, and the various national degrees of endurance of it. Those noisome young girls of Galsworthy's—the lassie in "Old English," say, or that young daughter in Milne's "Meet the Prince," which Mr. Basil Sydney and Miss Mary Ellis are now presenting, must be more acceptable to the English taste than to ours. With us it is only with varying degrees of health that they can be faced; and, for the actors, the problem of such roles and scenes increases with the amount of intelligence implicated.

Mr. Morris Carnovsky, by attention to the details of his practice and especially to the details of his appearance, has become steadily a better player; his Director Bezchyba is good. Miss Helen Westley brings to the prize role of Mrs. Pesta, with all its variety and comic possibilities, her stage magnetism, which is very marked, and her genuine comic gifts in tone and movement and sudden improvisations. Her whole first act is crackling comedy; the phrasing where she talks of her troubles and schemes and philosophy of life is delicious; and that place where she steps up on the box and leans massively over the rheumatic's bed is perfect. In the second act she is still good. By the end of the piece she has become subtly monotonous. This is due to her peculiar talents, which are so fresh, engaging and bright in their color and edge, but which, by an inability to study her performance through, for shading and surprise and sound design, leave any long role of hers marred with that baffling tinge of the amateurish or offhand or whatever one likes to call it. For parts that do not take too long a time for their development or presentation on the stage, her qualities are brilliant, both for certain kinds of the tragic and for comedy.

It is through just this faculty of study that Mr. Henry Travers becomes one of the best actors in our theater. He knows how to study his performance inch by inch and phrase by phrase, in order to keep it fresh and to keep it from dying on him, however long it may be. You watch his first motions as old Pesta lying on the bed against the wall, the timing of those groans, the simplification of his effects till they are right and are a steady mild surprise, never flat or quite expected; you watch that whirl on the bed as he springs back on it when he hears his wife coming, how neat it is, and how neat that whirling his chair in a circle is at the very end when the family row is on.

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You listen to his cues in that scene with Susi when her mother is out, rough comedy so finely timed together that it becomes beautiful. People without technical training, discernment or perhaps habit must wonder what it is that makes them listen for his speeches, keep their eyes on him, hear him coming down the stair, smiling in their hearts at the thought of him. The comic endowment is there, in voice and mask, they can see that, but they may not know with what pains the whole thing is carried out, and they may not realize that there is very little acting to be seen that has so much technical absorption. At the same time there may be some among them who are thrown off the track by the simplicity and modesty of this actor's method, for he has none of the actor-egotism, that feeling that an actor should, as Baron said, to Talma's delight, "be brought up on the laps of the queens," that luster of self, that makes sometimes great stars and sometimes bores. The work of Mr. Travers is a small but perfect *genre*.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Better and Better

SIR: We read with profound admiration the suggestions for the enforcement of that noble experiment, the Eighteenth Amendment, offered by Mr. Francis Modnicker. It seems to us that he is one of the first to propound a concrete, constructive mode of action for 100-percent Americans. But—why does he stop short? We quote: "A certain sum of money could be offered each year by each state of the Union to the citizen of their state reporting the most cases of liquor selling which have resulted in an arrest." We suggest, as an additional attraction to the reward and the certificate of honor (which should certainly be signed by Mabel Willebrandt and Senator Heflin, as well as by our great and good President) that the bootleggers and other dastards reported be carefully saved for the grand presentation ceremonies. On that occasion, they could be publicly burned by the winning contender of each state, while the school children, W. C. T. U., and other patriotic organizations gallantly wave the national prohibition flag, suggested by Mr. Modnicker. Such serious offenders against the law are certainly more odious to God than the heretics of the Middle Ages who were rightly executed for being in the wrong in their interpretation of scholastic doctrines of transubstantiation and consubstantiation.

School children particularly should be taught the meaning of patriotism and religion, and we have a practical suggestion to offer. Each of the dear little tots who shoots, stabs, or otherwise disposes of a father, mother, sister, or brother who takes a drink of liquor, will have his or her name written on the blackboard with a large gold star after it, and will also be allowed to lead the children in singing

My country 'tis of Thee
Sweet Land of Liberty. . . .

KEITH MASTERS,
ALEXANDER J. ISAACS.

Cambridge, Mass.

The Function of the Federal Reserve Bank

SIR: Someone said that you would better be talked about, even adversely, than not at all. It is a compliment to be mentioned in your paper in any way. However, your recent article contains so much that is open to question that I take the liberty of enclosing you a copy of my speech on the subject, which perhaps you have read.

You misinterpreted my attitude entirely. What I want is that the Federal Reserve should function as Wilson intended; namely, to supply credit for legitimate business and not make credit so high that business can't use it. I don't think that the Federal Reserve has *any right in the speculative field either for or* against. They can't supply cheap credit for the business man on the one side and try and raise rates on speculative activities in New York on the other hand. It is certainly disgraceful to have the interest rate of 20 percent in America when the bankrupt nations of Europe are not paying over 6 percent.

E. C. STOKES.

Trenton, N. J.

[The Federal Reserve Banks are not responsible for the recent raising of interest rates to borrowers in the United States. The rediscount rate has, contrary to sound central banking practice, remained below the market rate for several years. What is creating the tightness of credit for legitimate productive purposes is the absorption of credit by stock speculation. It is the duty of the Federal Reserve authorities under the law, just as it is a wise economic policy, to do all they can to prevent reserves from being drawn upon for speculative purposes, in order that credit may be ample, in the long run, for business. Without any central banking authority we should now be headed for disastrous inflation succeeded by deflation; and we shall get to the same goal if the authority which exists does not check the growth of speculative credit.—THE EDITORS.]

Brakes for Speculation

SIR: Upon the surface, it would appear that a simple and effective way to moderate speculative fevers in the stock market would be to reduce the temptation for undue concentration of credit upon which they are fed. High interest rates can only increase this concentration.

Please explain why usury laws cannot, or should not, be made to apply to call loans, as well as to other forms of credit.

Also show if a legal maximum rate of 6 percent (perhaps only 3 or 4) is feasible for call loans and would not be the simplest, sanest and most effective way to confine speculative credits within reasonable limits.

Failing a centralized, coördinated and harmonious banking system, what defense is left to the general business community except an appeal for regulation by law?

FRANCIS G. TRACY.

Carlsbad, N. M.

A Conference on Imperialism

SIR: Labor Party members of the House of Commons are organizing a two days' conference on Imperialism in London, on July 17 and 18. The delegates will be chiefly Americans and Englishmen, since two nations are now the leading exponents of aggressive imperialism. Among the topics to be considered at this conference are:

1. How the United States is trying to dominate the world.
2. The British Labor Party and British Imperialism.
3. How to get Invading Marines and Troops out of occupied countries and areas.
4. Publicity on Concessions.
5. International Allocation of Natural Resources.
6. An International Investment Board and Bank.

Doubtless many of your readers will be in London in July and would like to attend this conference. It will be open to the public. Many of the delegates are going over on the Majestic (White Star Line) from New York, Wednesday July 10. We have secured a special rate of $175 for the round trip, Third Class tourist, and would be glad to have those who wish to go communicate with us at the Bliss Bldg., Washington, D. C.

BENJAMIN MARSH.
Secretary, the Peoples' Lobby.

Washington, D. C.

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The Newspapers

You Can't Print That, by George Seldes. New York: Payson and Clarke, Ltd. 465 pages. $3.50.

SELDES, as is known to anyone who has ever encountered him streaking across Europe, is a born newsman with an instinctive love for a front-page story. He thoroughly enjoys a fight as well. And so, with his love for a story and his love for a combat, he has had frequent collisions with governments which are touchy about the news concerning them. Sometimes he has left such a country voluntarily, often by request, sometimes under his own power and, once at least, feet first in the arms of the police.

The immediate appeal of "You Can't Print That," Mr. Seldes' now-it-can-be-told account of the triumphs and trials of the foreign correspondent, and of conditions and personalities in some of the countries he visited, lies in the element of authentic adventure. The adventure begins early in the book with the mad journey into Germany, at the beginning of the Armistice, of a group of American reporters and their accidental interview with Hindenburg, who told them that the War had been won by the American infantry in the Argonne and then broke into tears for his defeated fatherland; for this, naturally, the correspondents were arrested on orders of General Pershing. The adventure ends on the last page with Mr. Seldes' arrest by D'Annunzio's police because of a story which he had smuggled out from Fiume.

The value of his book, however, lies in the light that it sheds on the stupidity, futility and self-defeat of peace-time, and even to some extent war-time, censorship, and on the purity of the stream of information which flows into the American public mind through the channels of the newspapers. Censorship, as Mr. Seldes tells of it, falls under three principal headings: that exercised by officials, that exercised by newspapers on their correspondents, and that exercised by correspondents upon themselves.

This last category is extremely important. The author acutely describes one fashion in which it works—correspondents, sometimes with families and leased apartments, ignoring stories not important enough to warrant their risking expulsion from the country, waiting for the story which will be really worth the cost.

The official censors frequently are seen in a ridiculous light, for it would appear that, because of their innate inability to comprehend how news is distributed and how the public reacts, they often stop stories which would benefit their causes while the more important of the hurtful stories usually get out somehow. The most perfect example of this which Mr. Seldes gives is that of the delaying of his telegrams on the bombardment of Damascus. Seldes was the only journalistic witness of that event. As he saw it, the bombardment, far from being a piece of frightfulness, was an unavoidable measure and so accomplished as to economize in lives. But while the French military were fussing with Seldes' messages, Arab runners got out with fantastically exaggerated stories of an atrocious massacre, stories which were picked up by the great news agencies and published throughout the world, with enormous harm to French prestige.

There is much in "You Can't Print That" about the tricky censorship practised in Soviet Russia; much about the intimidation of journalists by Mussolini's government; a section on the efforts of the Rumanian government to cover political rottenness. Mr. Seldes feels that these censorships have prevented those countries' appearing in their true colors before the American public. Of Italy specifically he feels that opinion in this country has been misled by the blather of tourists who found that Italy had been saved by Mussolini because the trains ran on time, and by the propaganda of bankers who had Italian bonds to float. But here, it would seem, the author has credited the censors with a success which they have not achieved. There are no three countries in the world where news censorship is more rigid than it is in Russia, Italy and Rumania; and there are no three countries in the world which are regarded with more distrust by the American public. The very presence of a censorship in peace-time suggests to intelligent persons that there is something vicious to hide, and therefore such a censorship itself creates the bad impression which it is supposed to forestall.

Mr. Seldes asserts that international bankers are to a considerable extent responsible for the widespread existence of censorships since the War. "There are the bond issues of many billions," he writes. "News must be suppressed when unfavorable, otherwise the market will crash; news must be perverted at all times, otherwise new loans will be more difficult and rates will be too high. The foreign offices and the bankers combine in this attack on a free press, and both are powerful and effective." He intimates that this financial influence frightens newspapers themselves into toning their accounts.

To this reviewer, this seems a little improbable. Certainly Mr. Seldes neglects to prove it. His own paper, The Chicago Tribune, which has boasted in full-page office ads that it is "a business institution," and whose back pages are jammed with advertisements of bond issues, is not noted for its kindness to European chancellories. Indeed, Mr. Seldes rebuts his own charges in the very stories he tells of the expensive and ingenious efforts of the newspapers and their reporters to get the facts. The only evidence which he cites of business-office influence on the handling of news concerns the Paris edition of The Chicago Tribune, which can hardly be taken as a standard American newspapers.

Mr. Seldes makes another charge against the newspapers, however, which they can hardly escape. That is of niggardliness in covering so important a news center as Mexico City by means of local correspondents, most of whom, it appears, are not newspaper men at all, but resident Americans engaged in other occupations, to whom newspaper work is only a side-line. The author treats of them in the one thoroughly bitter section of his book—the section describing the attitude of the American embassy toward the Calles government as evinced before the advent of Mr. Morrow. Throughout his volume Mr. Seldes has little but ill to say of American diplomatic representatives, who, by his account, often acted as allies of the European censors. In Mexico City, he says, he found the embassy cherishing a heritage of a hundred years of hatred for Mexico, working hand in glove with the interventionists, maintaining spiritual accord with the "oil, mining, banking and plantation interests, which to this very day scorn and curse the land which gives them wealth." There, for once, Mr. Seldes writes, he found American diplomatic officials and American press representatives pulling together. He charges these amateur reporters with worse than incompetence; with downright perversion of news. Only two of the resident correspondents does he except from his attack.

Of course, no newspaper can afford to maintain first-class professional correspondents at every spot where news

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may originate, but it does seem that the importance of the relations between the United States and Mexico—two years ago these relations led the two countries dangerously close to war—would dictate better representation there than Mr. Seldes describes.

HAROLD NORMAN DENNY.

Bill Haywood's Book

Bill Haywood's Book, the autobiography of William D. Haywood. New York: International Publishers. 368 pages. $3.50.

BILL HAYWOOD, adored leader of the I. W. W., was a part of that last pioneering effort which began with the Civil War, and was not over until the World War and its consequences had established the final position of industrialism. He was born in Utah when that state was a Mormon Empire, and the first part of his autobiography is placed in an almost conventionalized western-pioneer atmosphere: saloons, bawdy houses, free-for-all gun fights, gold mining, pony express and Indians. He himself was a cowboy and rancher before he became a miner and a labor leader; he participated in the strikes at Cripple Creek, Lawrence, and Telluride. Later he was prosecuted as a Red, and when he finally left America it was almost as an alien: he sought in Russia the only citizenship open to him. Yet he had also homesteaded in Nevada and had lost his farm through legal technicalities only in time to face the panic of 1896 and to travel, for a time, with General Coxey's army.

In some ways the present volume resembles those popular books of memoirs written to exploit an intimate knowledge of famous men and events. Haywood was a good deal of a conscious celebrity, proud in a very simple, naïve way that he had been selected as Secretary-Treasurer of the Western Federation of Miners in his second year of membership; proud and pleased that men loved him, that he directed important events—even that the government recognized him with warfare against his person. But if his book resembles those of the literary gossips in technique, it does not in mood. There is no brilliance nor gaiety, only bitter humor; no lightness of touch or sophistication, rather simplicity and the intense seriousness which comes out of dealing with poverty. And the men who are mentioned in his pages are those who have led strikes or have been beaten up or arrested in labor battles. The greatest event in his life was the Moyer-Pettibone-Haywood trial for the murder of a former governor of Idaho—a patently "framed" case in which all three men, arrested without a warrant and taken from state to state without extradition, were quickly proved innocent.

Haywood's real entry into public life came in 1898, when he was elected as an official in the Western Federation of Miners, the organization of metal, as distinguished from coal, miners. It was from this group that the International Workers of the World were later to spring. The I. W. W. was Bill Haywood's contribution to American labor history. It was organized in Chicago in 1905, at the start as a socialistic organization. Very quickly, however, the I. W. W. lost its political character and became purely a direct-action group. The I. W. W., no less than Haywood himself, was an aspect of the vanishing frontier. It was a pioneer movement, essentially male and migratory. In the end its disintegration, like that of the Socialist party, was an effect of the Russian Revolution.

Haywood left the United States for Soviet Russia while he was free on bail pending re-trial on the charge of Criminal Syndicalism. In many ways this escape was the great error in his career. To a degree it discredited him in the United States; he was never able to take any very great part in Russian affairs, willing as he was. Yet he cannot be greatly blamed for having taken his liberty where he found it. When he sailed for Russia he was under a long jail sentence which he did not believe would be reversed or shortened; the country was at the very height of its fever of Red hunting and he was justified in believing that he, more than any other I. W. W., was in a dangerous position. Besides this he was sick: his death in Russia last year was caused by illness which his term in jail had already intensified.

MELVIN P. LEVY.

Quacks Ancient and Modern

The Quacks of Old London, by C. J. S. Thompson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 356 pages. $4.

IN old golden Prague, in the castle wherein President Masaryk now lives, a small, unique street still stands complete in its ancient glory. This street consists of only forty-two houses, each house quite unusual in itself: small, almost miniature houses, with narrow windows and large kitchens. In the kitchens one finds retorts, large bottles and strangely shaped ovens. Somewhere on the walls there are still preserved semi-erased chemical formulas and incomprehensible inscriptions. This small street was named "The Street of the Alchemists," and it has been preserved from the Middle Ages to the present day.

In London, however, no such street has been preserved, and C. J. S. Thompson's book, dedicated to the old London quacks, restores to us in every detail, and with historical data, that very interesting period of those seekers of truth. Before our eyes pass dozens of doctors, healers and students of astrology: the famous quack, Arthur Dee, who was summoned before the censors for hanging out a table at his door, on which he exposed for sale several medicines by which many diseases were said to be certainly cured; John Lambe, who was undoubtedly a great scoundrel; Dr. James Tilburg who first cured the French pox; Geovanni Fr. Borri, the Italian alchemist, who practised at several of the courts of Europe in the seventeenth century; Dr. E. Gray, author of many books; Dr. Lionel Lockyer; Dr. Solmon; William Read, who was Oculist in Ordinary to Her Majesty, and who began his career as a jobbing tailor, was eventually knighted by Queen Anne and became one of the most fashionable practitioners of his day.

Mr. Thompson's book is written in very plain language and offers a vast amount of historical material. Aside from that, it raises many important questions. One of them is: why have there existed, and do there still exist—as many now, perhaps, as ever—quacks and charlatans? True enough, in the Journal of the American Medical Association one reads to his heart's content of physicians—quacks—who break the laws of medical ethics. I am certain that such a book on modern quacks would be of no less documentary value than the present book of Mr. Thompson.

Lord Bacon in his "Advancement of Learning" observes: "We see the weakness and credulity of men in such, as they will prefer a mountebank or witch before a learned phy-

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sician." The reasons for that lie much deeper than perhaps we might imagine. A man, when he is sick, wishes to see in a physician not only a techician and expert, but also a person who could give spiritual power to help stave off the disease. A physician, first of all, must be a humanitarian; and if that were understood by all physicians, I am certain the number of quacks and charlatans would have decreased.

BORIS SOKOLOFF.

The Innocent Voyage

The Innocent Voyage, by Richard Hughes. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

I ONCE knew a man who could never write five lines together without a quotation from Goethe, so that you could spot his unsigned articles unerringly by these little flags he stuck up to guide you across the map of his argument. In somewhat the same way I seem never to be able to open my mouth without a reference to something French; well, this time it will be brief. In France they have a category of writer called *les moins de trente ans:* this is to my mind a useful classification, and the only one into which I can fit Mr. Richard Hughes, who was described by Miss Rebecca West as "almost the only very young writer we have over here." Mr. Hughes has been writing printable verse since he was six; among the poems in his "Confessio Juvenis" is one called "An Elephant Devoured by a Roc," which is a *morceau d'anthologie.* (It was not written at the age of six.) I have read two of his plays, "The Sisters' Tragedy" (produced in London in 1922), and "A Comedy of Good and Evil" (also produced in 1924); they compel my admiration while repelling my interest, for they are about rural Welsh folk; but in the second play there is a scene of high comedy, between Gladys, the beautiful child devil, and Owain Flatfish, the heavenly guardian angel of the district, each trying to persuade the other to accept dead parson Williams' soul, that will enchant every reader. Then there are Mr. Hughes' short stories, collected under the title "A Moment of Time." Some of them are very good trick stories that O. Henry would have been proud to sign—"Martha," for example, or "The Ghost"; others are tramp stories that would not offend A. E. Coppard, or Ernest Hemingway, and the best of these is, I believe, "Poor Man's Inn"; but "Lochinvarovitch," a tale of South Slavia, is the best of the lot. With this behind him, Mr. Hughes has published his first novel, and a more continually humorous, delicately sinister, and exquisitely written tale of children, pirates, and tropics no one could wish to read.

The test of a work of the imagination is that it should be credible (not necessarily "true to life"); from first to last there is an accent of credibility in "The Innocent Voyage" which the reader never for a moment doubts: the eerily silent earthquake, the grotesque, lightning-lit hurricane, the intricacies of description of life on a sailing vessel, the sense of the importance or unimportance of grave or trivial phenomena to each of the highly individualized children—Mr. Hughes conveys them with the most tranquil and accomplished artistry. Even when he is spoofing, we recollect only afterward that he was pulling our leg; and he is never so humorous as in his most "realistic" moments—the incident of the pirate captain's slipper, for example, the circus on board the Dutchman's ship, or Mrs. Bas-Thornton's recital of "The Lady of the Lake" during the fearful progress of the hurricane. The narrative is infused with poetry: a crane "trumpeted desperately" in the hot silence; "no bird trespassed on the inert air"; "the trees moved as little as the pillars of a ruin"; "the cracks and scars on Jonsen's enormous hands were as interesting to her as the valleys on the moon to a boy with a telescope"; "where an orange-tree loaded with golden fruit gleamed dark and bright in the moonlight, veiled in the pinpoint scintillation of a thousand fireflies, sat the old black saint among the branches, talking loudly, drunkenly, confidentially with God"; "the sea was like a smooth pampas of quick-silver: so steady you could not split shore from reflection, till the casual collision of a pelican broke the phantom."

Poetry, a readily varied humor running the gamut from mad playfulness to the most biting satirical wit, and in addition a rich multiplicity of incident, are of themselves enough to commend any imaginative fiction; but Mr. Hughes gives us more. He gives us a world authentically apprehended—or so the reader is convinced—through the mind and senses of children. About their amazing relations with their parents, I should write too much if I wrote at all; let me say only that psychoanalysts will be grieved and wounded by what they read here. Of babies, and by way of explaining four-year-old Laura, Mr. Hughes says, "they are animals, and have a very ancient and ramified culture, as cats have, and fishes, and even snakes: the same in kind as these, but much more complicated and vivid, since babies are, after all, one of the most developed species of the lower vertebrates." It is only one of his many triumphs that in but a few scattered lines he makes us sense profoundly the difference between what thirteen-year-old Margaret knew, and what ten-year-old Emily knew. We learn much about the central character of this book, death-dealing, innocent Emily, living according to an angelical, fourth-dimensional logic, when we read that "A child can hide the most appalling secret without effort, and is practically secure against detection." Emily as an adult, or an adult acting as Emily acted, is unthinkable: no adult would ignore John's death as these children did; none would ignore the plight of Margaret and treat her with such cruelty; the innocent episode of the baby alligator becomes viciousness if you add ten years to Emily: all this goes without saying, but what is brilliant and horrifyingly fascinating is Mr. Hughes' unruffled relation, with only a rare word of comment, in which we gather for ourselves how such things can be.

We know, when we have read this gleaming, smoothly polished, granite-cored narrative, that human beings can, if they are young enough, go through the fiery furnace and seem to escape unscathed; but we wonder ever after if they really were not chemically changed in the crucible. One thing all of us will be sure of, and that is that the pirates saved their immortal souls only by getting rid of these engaging brats. Mr. Hughes is the very devil himself; if our noses were keen enough we should know he reeked of sulphur, but in his book we smell only ambergris.

At the close, Emily having been placed in school, he says blandly, and, for all I know, sincerely: "Looking at that gentle, happy throng of clean, innocent faces and soft, graceful limbs, listening to the ceaseless, artless babble of chatter rising, perhaps God could have picked out from among them which was Emily; but I am sure that I could not."

LEWIS GALANTIÈRE.

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John Wesley

John Wesley, A Portrait, by Abram Lipsky. New York: Simon and Schuster. 305 pages. $3.

John Wesley, by Arnold Lunn. New York: The Dial Press. 371 pages. $4.

IT is very rarely that two biographies of a noteworthy figure in history are published simultaneously, and even more unusual that they should complement each other so perfectly as these two volumes do. Mr. Lipsky's study is cold and incisively analytical; Mr. Lunn's is intimate and colorful. What Mr. Lipsky has overlooked in incident and detail is supplied by Mr. Lunn; and what Mr. Lunn has omitted in historical background is supplied by Mr. Lipsky. Both books are admirably done, and, for the student of the man or the period, both are indispensable. Mr. Lunn supplies many times the information about Wesley that is given by Mr. Lipsky; yet Mr. Lipsky has a somewhat more acceptable appraisal of Wesley himself, and establishes his place in history with somewhat better perspective.

In the scant personal indulgence which he allowed himself, Wesley was a vacillating and rather childish lover whose amorous affairs seem incredible and who, like his brother Charles, was "a boy deriving his knowledge of men and women from chance Bible texts." He seems to have been particularly susceptible to feminine blandishments. He tried desperately to convert his first charmers. The later ones did not need conversion, but they gave him no end of unrest. For he was never fully convinced that the Lord intended him to marry, and the two women to whom he was engaged married other men when he hesitated too long before taking the final step into matrimony. Ironically enough, the woman he finally married led him a miserable existence.

Be it said to the credit of both biographers that they leave the psychoanalytical inferences of Wesley's love affairs to the reader's imagination; and that they do not overemphasize this aspect of Wesley's life at the expense of other important facts.

For the facts are in themselves staggering. Wesley, who was unquestionably a man of considerable personal magnetism, laid the foundations for social attitudes which we ascribe to the Victorian era. He converted thousands upon thousands of people, raised their moral standards, and so altered their manner of living as to modify the entire structure and character of English society. He wrote 233 original works and edited almost two hundred more. He traveled almost a quarter of a million miles, largely on horseback. He preached more than 40,000 sermons. And he built an ecclesiastical and social service organization which was not only powerful in his own day, but was subsequently to become the most influential religious body in America.

Oddly enough, the very American Methodist Episcopal Church for which Wesley was responsible caused him considerable embarrassment in his own later years. He would probably have liked to disown it. Certainly he had no wish to separate himself or his followers from the Anglican Church. And he would have been horrified by the fanaticism and intolerance which is characteristic of so much of the Methodist Church in our own day. For Wesley was essentially fair in his dealings with other people, and never tried to coerce or intimidate them in the least. And while he was a reformer, he never lost sight of the fact that he was also a gentleman.

WALTER F. KOHN.

An Icy Covenant with Earth

The Long Leash, by Jessica Nelson North. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 76 pages. $1.50.

IN the loam of an experience lived close to earth, close to the common task and incident, Jessica Nelson North has tended a modest garden of verse, and now presents some of her hardy but delicate blooms in a little volume called "The Long Leash." I use the word "modest" in no disparaging sense; rather to suggest an intelligent talent that is seldom misled into over-lush, egotistical, florid statement, that depends for effect more upon a keen, incisive expression within well defined form than upon loose outflowing.

> I can survive on ears the huskers leave
> In stubbled cornfields when their day is finished.
> I can retrieve
> Roots from deserted gardens after frost.
> I thrive on all things thwarted and diminished,
> Abandoned and lost. . . .

So she writes. Yet there is here no bitterness or sparseness, but the well disciplined sentiment of a mind alert to the finer shades and implications of familiar phenomena.

These poems are not of uniform excellence or identical appeal. "The Sleeper," the title poem and one or two of the other longer poems lack the convincing personal authenticity and economy that distinguish most of the shorter ones. Sometimes these bespeak a tender comprehension of nature, as "Holocaust," "Morning Shower," or, with gentle humor, "Legerdemain"; sometimes a tolerant understanding of character or experience, as "Noli Me Tangere," "A Young Boy," or "As One Invulnerable." One feels a temperate paganism in "Argument" and "Footprints."

ROSE MARY FISK.

Charlotte Corday

Charlotte Corday, and Certain Men of the Revolutionary Torment, by Marie Cher. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 238 pages. $2.50.

MISS CHER has the gift of re-creation: in her novel, "The Door Unlatched," she conveyed an uncanny sense of having actually seen Paris in the days of the Terror; in the present book, her Muse visits her only fitfully. She fails to rescue Charlotte Corday, that least personal of heroines, from the frigid inhumanity which has always embalmed her. Perhaps Charlotte Corday really was frigid and inhuman: Hauer's portrait of her, sketched in the prison of the Conciergerie a few hours before her execution, certainly lends her no touch of life; and if the documentary evidence about her could have been humanized, we may well believe that Miss Cher would have done it.

Even Charlotte's letter of farewell to her father, written from prison, is the cold and preoccupied salute of a fanatic patriot reporting that her task is done, and that France is saved. Patriotism (if it exists at all in a pure state) is not an emotion which can suffer any softer impulse; and, if we are to believe the evidence, Charlotte Corday had riveted herself into this steely frame. If her killing of Marat had had the consequences she expected: if by his death the Terror could have been broken, our pity for her would have been outweighed by our admiration;

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419 West 21st Street, N. Y.

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Sincerely yours,
N. L. P.
Detroit.

THE books ordered by our correspondent whose letter we have reproduced were:

Schmalhausen's, "Why We Misbehave"
Hollingworth's, "The Psychology of the Adolescent"
Blanton and Blanton's, "Child Guidance"
Guild's, "Living with the Law"
Thom's, "The Mental Health of the Child"
Seabury's, "Growing Into Life"

Our purpose is not to suggest that we are specialists in books of psychology. It is to state that we are prepared to supply you with *your* type of book—whether that be T. S. Eliot, Ring Lardner, Warner Fite, or Emily Dickinson—with the same promptness and efficiency that brought us this letter from Detroit.

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but she failed. Marat's death only fed the Terror.

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T. S. MATTHEWS.

Fiction Notes

The Grand Manner, by Louis Kronenberger. New York: Horace Liveright. $2.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER'S first novel is a clever book. It is a *tour de force* which reclaims for the novel some of that territory wrested from it of late by the deluge of biography. This real story of imaginary people thus reverses the current formula plentifully abused by our biographers, who would give us imaginary stories of real people. Mr. Kronenberger's way is more difficult and is really in the grand manner; it reinstates the imagination in the place too often usurped by fancy. Rudolph of Hedenstrom is the hypothetical king of an hypothetical kingdom in whose imagined book of days one comes upon historical characters of that Europe made familiar to us in the pages of Stendhal. By a subtle counterpoint of the real and the fictional Mr. Kronenberger early captures our poetic faith in his story, so that our pleasure in meeting the imaginary Rudolph, or Dorothea, or Cælif, or Claire, is heightened and given body by a chance encounter with Metternich, or a quotation from Madame de Sévigné. His portrayal of the four women who are the deities of the four seasons of his hero's life is masterful for so young a writer. Many of our more mature novelists are lacking in that genuine sophistication and suavity and polish that distinguish Mr. Kronenberger's civilized attitude toward life and letters.

E. S.

Reporter, by Meyer Levin. New York: The John Day Company. $2.50.

IF ONE may trust the novelists and playwrights, Chicago is a happy hunting-ground for journalists. In "Reporter" one does not recapture the acid bite, the swift, frenzied pace of "The Front Page," but this chaotic, sprawling novel has virtues of its own. There is no plot. It begins—and then, as casually ends. It merely follows one obscure and nameless reporter as he veers crazily from gangster killings to Kiwanian luncheons, from pearl robberies to aeroplane weddings. The ink of the city room is wet on its pages. One absorbs the reporter's own viewpoint, sees this gaudy press of life through his half-cynical, half-sentimental eyes. The book is crude. It abuses the trick of incorporating headlines and news stories to give verisimilitude. It is outrageously formless. Nevertheless, it makes lusty reading and, without romanticizing, penetrates beneath the skin of that legendary creature, the average reporter.

E. H. W.

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Back to Stay, by Jonathan Leonard. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

POLISH and easy lucidity depreciate in value when measured against such a book as this. Jonathan Leonard has as curious and perverse a mind as the isolated New Englanders of whom he writes. Tortuously, obscurely, in a pungent, craggy idiom, he unfolds by indirection the story of Dixi Wardon, who was pulled back from the city to the hamlet which bore him. That ingrown community, eaten by decay and malice and superstition, found him too free and strange for its liking. He was tarred and feathered. Then, contrarily, he was accepted at last as a returned son of the soil. He married a woman who had long ago mothered his child. From another, reckless and wise, he learned a savory philosophy suited to his needs. Something of that philosophy flickers beneath the whole surface of the book—presumably it is Mr. Leonard's own. It is a difficult book to read, eccentric in manner, bare-boned. It is also a book which no one who is seriously interested in our native literature can afford to neglect.

E. H. W.

The Lives and Deaths of Roland Greer, by Richard Pyke. New York: A. and C. Boni. $2.50.

FREUD, one feels, is the villain of this piece—although some might call him the hero. His shadow lurks, at any rate, behind every twisted corner. Roland Greer is the tormented son of a violent and vixenish mother who at one moment fawns on her children, at another lashes them with cruelty. A neurotic weakling, he is the victim of his family's will to power. His soul is torn between masculine and feminine domination, as represented chiefly by his mother and brother, and his final effort to achieve an integral life of his own culminates in a particularly nasty kind of suicide. Mr. Pyke juggles pretentiously with psychological theories, but his novel has, nevertheless, a certain diseased vitality. If he can bring himself to hurl his textbooks out the window, the result may be profitable to literature.

E. H. W.

Contributors

J. M. KEYNES, editor of The Economic Journal (London), is the author of "The Economic Consequences of the Peace," "A short View of Russia," "The End of Laissez Faire."

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ROSE MARY FISK is a frequent contributor to various periodicals.

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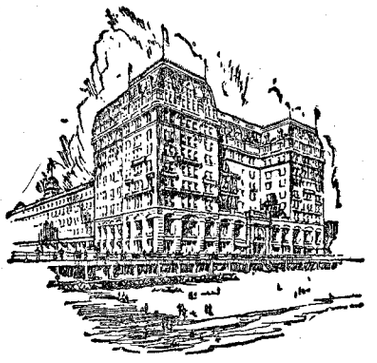

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(Guide to Chelsea, No. 4)

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